JOHN BULL, JULY 25, 1936.

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LX.
1571.

POISON GAS—AND YOU (SEE PAGES 20 & 21)

JOHN BULL

The TONIC HAIR CREAM

Improves—
TEXTURE & GLOSSINESS

Cannot—
soil Hatbands or Pillows

These are just two of the features which make Julysia foremost of modern hair-dressings. It positions the hair perfectly and has unique tonic ingredients essential to maintain the health of hair and scalp. Cleanest to use, it contains no gum or starch, cannot flake and never soils hatbands or pillows. Be smart, and use the modern all-in-one tonic hair cream. Get a bottle, TO-DAY!

1/- & 1/6 Per Bottle | Sample Size 6D.

JULYSIA HAIR CREAM

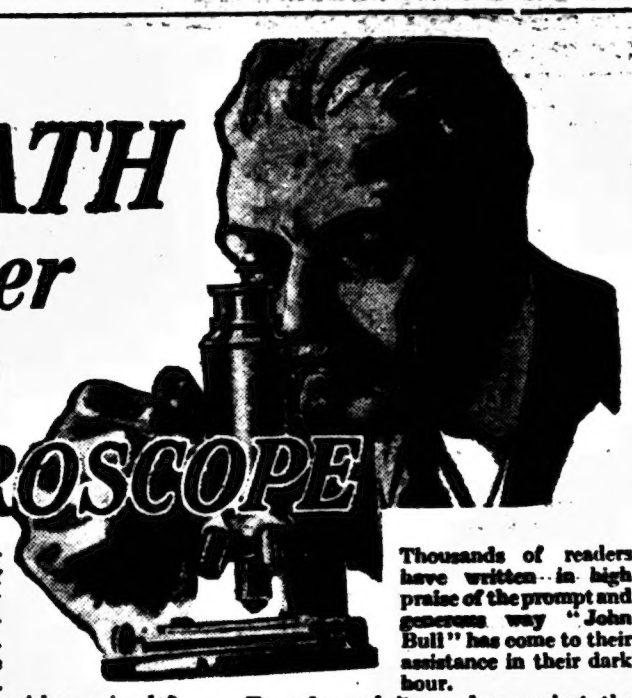
Free! with every bottle of Julysia Hair Cream
The JULYSIA SPORTS BOOK
This handy pocket manual is packed with facts, figures and photographs dealing with every British Sport.
Make sure you get YOUR copy!

Obtainable from all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores throughout the United Kingdom.

The Cream of Hairdressings

A Product of
JULES FRÈRES LTD.,
LONDON, S.E.17.

DEATH under the MICROSCOPE



A "John Bull" reader was performing one of the most ordinary household tasks—sharpening a table knife. Suddenly the knife slipped and cut his finger.

But who takes such a mishap seriously? Do not we all consider it the kind of slight accident that is soon put right with iodine and a bandage?

Unfortunately in this case the finger later became inflamed and on medical advice he was taken to hospital.

Then commenced a battle against death, but despite the very best attention, the man died.

Evidence given by the doctor at the inquest revealed that death had been due to erysipelas. When it was stated that the fatal knife had been perfectly clean at the time of the accident the doctor said that a knife which appears quite clean to the naked eye can carry germs visible only under the microscope.

'JOHN BULL'S' PROMPT AID FOR WIDOW.

This is brief is the tragic fate that befell Mr. F. W. Moses, of 65, Hill Park Crescent, Plymouth. As the late Mr. Moses was a registered reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50, the Benefit provided for fatal home accidents by "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has been promptly sent to his widow.

In her letter acknowledging "John Bull's" cheque, Mrs. Moses wrote:—

"I do thank you very much not only for the real help it will be to me, but I feel my husband's faith in "John Bull" is justified."

Thousands of letters in similar strain are to be found on "John Bull's" files.

Thousands of readers have written in high praise of the prompt and generous way "John Bull" has come to their assistance in their dark hour.

To safeguard its readers against the many risks of everyday life is the object of "JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Family Insurance Gift. In addition to providing Benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Loss by Burglary, Children's Accidents, and many other perils of modern life, "John Bull" is the *only paper in the world to safeguard* the Home against *Fire, Storm, Flood and Tempest Damage*, and to pay *Sickness Benefit.*

£1,230 9s. 8d. paid to Registered Readers last week:

During the past week alone "John Bull" has distributed no less than £1,230 9s. 8d. to registered readers as follows:—

Home and Sickness Benefits	£695 19 8
Accident Benefits - Adults	£275 10 0
Accident Benefits-Children's	£259 0 0
	£1,230 9 8

If you have not registered for this unique Security Gift, you only have to fill up the forms below. DO IT NOW while you think of it.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 25/7/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

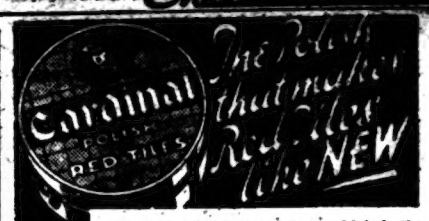
Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

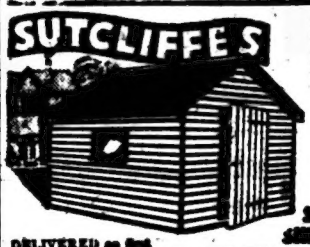
Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/7/36



The beautiful rich red tone which is the charm of Red Tile and Red Composition Floors can be immediately restored with Cardinal Polish. Easy to apply, will not rub off.

Made by makers of Mansion Polish.
Also in Buff, Green and White.
Sold by all dealers. C.P. 44-3



SUTCLIFFE'S STORE SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY
Design S.S.
SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-

DELIVERED on first payment. For cleaning Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Fireirons, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£3 10 0 — 5/0
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	5 15 0 — 8/-
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	7 10 0 — 11/6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	9 15 0 — 15/6

Send for Free CATALOGUE. Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

P. & H. Sutcliffe Ltd., 52, Wood Top, Haddon Bridge, Yeadon. London Showrooms: 45-48, Oxford St., W.1.

A NEW 21/- FREE GIFT OFFER

A new and valuable FREE GIFT OFFER VALUE 21s.—a boon to every cyclist—will be sent to all who write for my free cycle lists. The most astonishing offers ever made so send for Catalogue NOW.

Chas. T. Robey's CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 101 COVENTRY

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

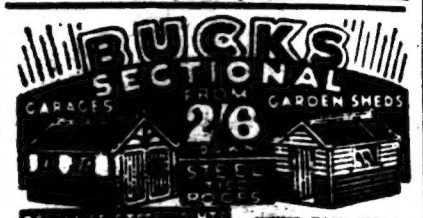
Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: *"Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made."* If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, *"Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out,"* which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds as well as worry.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE (Dept. B.N.6), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

Bring YOUR DEAF EARS back to life by world-famous method at minimum expense.

Inside your ears are three tiny movable bones. If these bones work stiffly you can't hear well. You may even appear stone deaf. Sounds fail to reach your auditory nerve. Thousands suffer so. Electrical devices may help but are embarrassing and expensive. You need the tiny silver Vibraphone to bring deaf ears back to life—to set these tiny bones moving to the "touch of sound," to restore your happiness and contentment. No wires, batteries, or trumpets to bother you. Send to-day for explanatory booklet, details of the 30 days' trial and copies of Doctors' and Scientists' letters. Don't put it off. Post card now. The Vibraphone Co., 16, Triumph House, 189, Regent Street, London, W.1. *Regent* 5630.

BUCKS SECTIONAL GARAGES FROM 2/6 GARDEN SHEDS



Specially Selected Materials together with High Class Workmanship have made our name. Select your building from the numerous designs in Bucks Catalogue. ALL 3½ FREE.

EASY TERMS.

	Cash Dep.	Bldg.
GARAGES	£1 0	£1 0
SHEDS	£1 0	£1 0
CARAVANS	70/-	5/- 0/6

Immediate delivery on first payment. Free Lorry Service or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

BUCKS PORTABLE BUILDINGS, Electric Works (Dept. 4.21), Bath Road, Erith, Kent.

FILMS FREE FOR EVER

We lend your camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British made "Gratispool" film. Send "GAUGE," (and this ad. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and film & camera will be sent by return. THERE'S NEVER ONLY: 2½ x 2½, 4½ x 2½, 2 x 2, or 2½ x 1½ films.

We have films to fit the Kodak Six-20 now. Get yours FREE. Send this Coupon

GRATISPOOL CO. (Dept. J.B.11)
37, ISLES LANE, LEEDS, 11.

BABY CLOTHES 30/-

A GENUINE BARGAIN—MANY MOTHERS HAVE TAKEN THE TROUBLE TO WRITE AND TELL ME SO.

Baby's Short Length or Coat Long Clothes, TO MEASUREMENTS, GARMENTS for Summer or Winter Baby's, Silk and Wool Shawl, Bibs, Robes, Lovely or Woolly Boy Suits, Coats, Hats, or Woolly Nightie, Real Wool Vests, Bath Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat, Cuddy, Trunk Sale, Toys Register, Patterns, Directions, etc. ALL ARTICLES RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED: "I find the contents of my parcel more than I could have hoped for. Such pretty baby clothes. No woman would believe it could be made if they have not had a bargain was obtainable."

SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Mrs. J. BLENKARN, 28, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BANISH THE TORTURE OF "NERVES"

Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

Genuine Testimonials: "Such a unique and valuable course is worth its weight in gold." "It is really marvellous how my fears have all vanished—they were so firmly established and of such a dreadful nature." "Since taking this course I have never looked back. I could thrill with the sheer joy of living."

HENRY J. RIVERS (DEPT. J.B.20)
40, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1

TIMBER BUILDINGS

Post Free

Bungalows	£15
Entertainment Halls	£28
Pavilions	£22
Iron Buildings	£4
Motor Houses	£5
Army Huts	£11
Workhouse	£10
Shop & Store	£20
Shelters	£5
Stabling	£20
Huts	50/-
Greenhouses	£6

LIST FREE CASH OR EASY TERMS.

C. ALBERT & CO.
(Dept. J.B.)
187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 5 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 37a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

"THEY LAUGHED AT FIRST—but when I began to play—

a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat spellbound. I played on as I thought you would like me to play, and when the last notes died away you should have seen the excitement on my friends' faces! 'Where did you learn?' 'Who was your teacher?' 'How do you get that lovely singing tone?'"

I receive similar letters daily from students of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the Piano who started without knowing a note. There is positively no obstacle to the most delightful experience being yours. Even if you are already of middle age, I can teach you to play so beautifully that you will be welcome wherever you go! Or, if already a player, I CAN TEACH YOU TO PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. I have enrolled more than 2,000 adult pupils these last 12 months, have taught over 43,000 during 31 years and I CAN TEACH YOU. I will send you, BY POST, using Ordinary Musical Notation (no freakish methods) enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition, such Original, Sub-clear, Fascinating Lessons, each arranged for your personal needs, that your difficulties of Tone, Time, Fingering and Reading shall simply disappear. Send P.C. for free book "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," my special pamphlet "Truth in Advertising" and form for FREE advice. Say if Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER, (Dept. 81D), 69, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

WE TRUST YOU

Send your name and address on a Postcard and share in this marvellous liquidation stock of High-Grade Tennis Rackets.

A 30/- RACKET for 12/9 The famous "Match Racket" strung with super blue and white gut. Surgical bindings and collar. Selected rounded frames, hexagon handle, reinforced wedges. Exceptional value and guaranteed to give satisfaction in hard play. Weights 12½ to 14 ozs. Send No Money. Sent on free approval on receipt of a p.c. If satisfactory you pay 1/6 on receipt and 2/- fortnightly until 14/9 is paid or Full Cash in one payment, 12/9 only

ILLUSTRATED SPORTS GOODS CATALOGUE AND TENNIS RACQUET LIST FREE

J. A DAVIS & Co 94-104 J.B.B. Denmark Hill LONDON S E 5

THAMES UTILITY

Send now for FREE CATALOGUE No. 15, illustrating various new features and complete Terms of Purchase. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs. Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

STEEL BRACED CORNERS!

SPECIAL SALE PRICES WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

	Lth.	Wdth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts
STEEL TIED ROOFS!	10	7	8	£5/-/-	5/-	9/2
	12	8	8	£5/17/6	6/-	10/9
	14	9	8	£6/17/6	7/-	12/6

MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS!

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS
7, West Street, Erith, Kent.
(Props.: Thames Steam Saw Mills Ltd.) (Estd. 40 years.)
'Phone: Erith 2072.

FREE APPROVAL

WE TRUST YOU

£2.2.0 value for 10/-
Gent's & Ladies' Wrist Watches.
Gent's size Bold Luminous dial. Splendid quality, tested movement, highly polished platinoid case. Timed to a minute a month. Fitted on Platinoid Milanese Mesh Bracelet. Sent on Free approval. If satisfactory pay 1/6d. fortnightly until 17/6 is paid, or full cash within 7 days 10/- only. Lady's size same quality on Black Moire Band or expanding Bracelet in handsome velvet-lined case, 17/6. Same terms 1/6 fortnightly after receipt. Fully illustrated List Free.

J. A. DAVIS & Co., Dept. J.B. 117, 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES

SEMI-OXFORD
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms.

FLANNELS
Waist 26 to 46, Leg 25 to 36. Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets and bottom hooks; permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg and width bottom required.

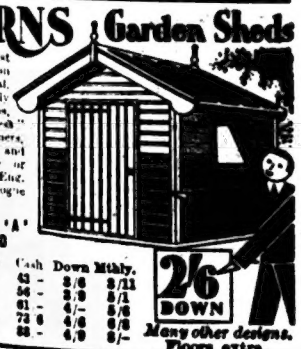
5/- Post 6d. or C.O.D.

2 pairs 10/6 post paid.
ONLY TO PURCHASERS OF FLANNEL TROUSERS

St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White **1/6**

THE FLANNEL RING (Dept. J.10), Mail Order Dept., 150-154, Heath Rd., TWICKENHAM, also 31, Granada Fruit Parade, Edgware, & 146, High Street, Staines.

THORNS Garden Sheds



Delivered on first payment and on full approval. Made in easily erected sections, with "Strongrib" steel-braced corners, roofing felt, etc., and delivered Free or Carr. Paid in Eng. and Wales. Catalogue No. 46.P Free.

THORNS MODEL 'A' GARDEN SHED

Long	Wide	High	Cash	Down	Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	43 -	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	56 -	3/6	5/1
9ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61 -	4/-	5/6
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	72 6	4/6	6/6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	88 -	4/6	8/-

2/6 DOWN
Many other designs. Floors extra.

J. THORN & SON, LTD., BOX 46.P, BRAMPTON ROAD, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT. Telephone 308.

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

Write for Lists NOW

CYCLES FROM **57/6** CASH OR TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

THIS WORLD FAMOUS SHOCKPROOF LEVER WRIST-WATCH IS YOURS for 1/- DOWN

UNBREAKABLE! VIBRATION PROOF! NON-MAGNETIC!

A Paramount Balanced finely jewelled Swiss Lever movement, which never fails to maintain accurate time under all conditions, is yours **NOW** for 1/- deposit and 1/- weekly until 32/6 has been paid (30/- CASH). Super Stainless Case and latest Bracelet to match, 30/- only (27/6 cash) if required with real hide strap. 10 YEARS' WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Exquisite Ladies' Model same price and terms.

ANGLO-SWISS PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.3), 18-20, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, S.W.1.

YOURS for 3/- DEPOSIT

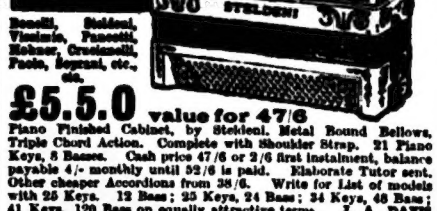
PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 8x Magnification. Wide view. Screw and eyepiece Focus Bending Bar. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Sling. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. Balance payable 3/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses by Zeiss, Dersimo Chatelain, Lumiere. Post Free.

10 gn. Model for 75/-

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.128) 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5

PIANO ACCORDIONS



1/-

Bonelli, Soldani, Vivimio, Fancetti, Hohner, Grazianelli, Frolo, Soprani, etc., etc.

£5.5.0 value for 47/6

Piano Finished Cabinet, by Steldeni. Metal Bound Bellows. Triple Chord Action. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Cash price 47/6 or 2/6 first instalment, balance payable 4/- monthly until 52/6 is paid. Elaborate Tutor sent. Other cheaper Accordions from 38/6. Write for List of models with 25 Keys. 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass on equally attractive terms. J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 50), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. R.153), Climax Works, Accrington.

HOHNER

THE WORLD'S BEST

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS AND PLAYERS **USE** HOHNER CHROMATIC AND DIATONIC HARMONICAS

WHY—Because they have proved by experience that all Hohner instruments are faultless in construction, faithful in tone, perfect in pitch and matchless in quality. Models to suit every taste and pocket. Stocked by dealers everywhere.

HARMONICAS

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS

The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity, Clubs, Fetes or any other purpose let the SKILL PUNCHBOARD help you. A 600-hole board costs only 5/3 post free, and makes £2-16-9 profit at 2d. per punch, and £1-3-9 at 1d. per punch. Agents working out special profit sharing plan are making £8 to £10 weekly. WHY NOT YOU? Our free Service Dept. will tell you how. Write for SAMPLE 300-hole board and illustrated price list . . . . **3/9** post free.

Discount for dozen lots

BURDON HUNTER
(Punchboard Specialist),
46J, Camomile Street Chambers, London, E.C.3.
TRADE SUPPLIED.

QUICK-CUTTING (BRITISH & BEST) GRASS SCYTHE

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge, tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this scythe can even be used by ladies without effort. Complete with handle, and sheath to protect blade. Send P.O. 3/- to

Wm. PENN (Dept. AB), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19

SHARPEN Your MOWER AND GARDEN SHEARS YOURSELF!

FITTED WITH GENUINE COSTLY CARBORUNDUM SHARPENER

Everlasting Carborundum—the World's best sharpener—instantly puts amazingly sharp cutting edge on any make of mower, however old or blunt. Saves double its cost first time used. No skill needed—a few rubs and job's done. Also sharpens any Grass Scythe, shears, tools, etc. Guaranteed fully efficient. Will last indefinitely.

1/9 Post 2d.

Satisfaction or money returned.

FREE Marvellous invention to double life of cut flowers included FREE NEXT 7 DAYS.

Wm. PENN (Dept. G/9), 623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

PIETRO Piano Accordions

Greatest value ever offered

120 basses with 5 voice roller action and air valve. Full scope Fingerboard giving easier rapid movement; 41 pearl piano keys with octave coupler; finest steel reeds; extra deep fold bellows covered with specially prepared air tight cloth; elegant stage pearl finish with brilliants; 2 Shoulder Straps, etc., £15.15. Smaller mode's, 39.6 to £12.19.6. **You can play and test any Pietro Accordion before placing your order. Easy Tutor available.** *Write to-day for catalogue* — J. & A. MARGOLIN, (Dept. J.B.), 112/116 Old St., London, E.C.1. Sole Wholesale Distributors.

OPEN FACE HUNTER
HALF HUNTER
SILVER
Tru-time
POCKET WATCHES
Why risk nondescript and unreliable Watches when for as little as 1/6d. deposit you can become the owner of a Genuine "TruTime" Super Precision Pocket Watch renowned the World over and guaranteed 10 years in writing! Simply send deposit and name and address. If satisfied, balance by very easy terms (no extra charge). Or write for Catalogue Ladies' and Gent's Solid Gold, Solid Silver, Gold Cased, and Chrome, Real Diamond Rings, etc., same easy terms.
2/6 DEPOSIT
1/6 DEPOSIT
2/6 DEPOSIT
2/6 DEPOSIT
7 DAYS HOME APPROVAL SATISFACTION OR DEPOSIT BACK
CHROM HUNTER
FULL HUNTER

YOU CAN PLAY IT NOW!

THE JUKA

The Greatest Novelty Musical Instrument of the Age. Note the Mechanical Fingerboard which makes it impossible to strike a wrong note. Absolutely no knowledge of music required. Buy one to-day. To-morrow you will be playing those haunting old-time melodies and popular tunes to your heart's content. Ideal for parties, camps, outings, etc. Glorious sweet tone, superbly made and finished. Complete outfit, including Juka, Tutor-Song-Book of 46 Favourite Songs, Tuning Pipe and Plectrum, 21/- only. From all musical instrument dealers. Take one on your holidays. *Illustrated particulars free.*

FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER, LTD., 22, Denmark St., Charing Cross Rd., LONDON, W.C.2

TILETEX and PAROLEUM

The ideal coverings for damp floors!

Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying PAROLEUM or TILETEX, the ideal floor coverings. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

90 Sq. Ft. for 15/-

Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls 2 yards wide.

Send for samples and full particulars post free.

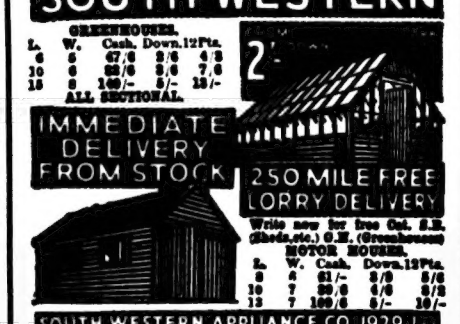
J. B. ANDREWS & SONS Sutherland Square, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

SOUTH WESTERN

GREENHOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	6	47/6	3/6	4/3
10	6	82/6	5/6	7/6
15	8	140/-	8/-	13/-

ALL SECTIONAL.

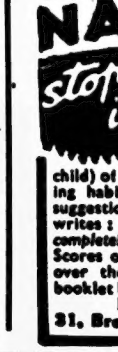


Write now for free Cat. S.E. (Sheds, etc.) G.H. (Greenhouses) MOTOR HOUSES.

L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
8	6	61/-	3/6	5/6
10	7	99/6	5/6	8/3
13	7	109/6	5/-	10/-

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 L. Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines)

NAIL BITING



NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: "*Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.*" Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

BLACK CAT

MEDIUM CIGARETTES

Better flavour — Better filled

NOW in handy packets of 15 for 6D
also "RIGID" packets of 5 for 2D

* COLOURED PORTRAIT OF FAMOUS FILM STAR NOW IN EVERY PACKET

BC.29.

MADE BY CARRERAS LTD. 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 25, 1936. Twopence.
Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

JOY-RIDE GIRLS

The girl who goes joy-riding with strangers is asking for trouble

—Grave Warning

THERE is a lesson—and a warning—in the revolting case which ended at Sussex Assizes last week in four men being sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment each for assaulting a young Brighton girl in a car.

We do not propose to dwell upon the circumstances of the men's offence, which Mr. Justice Hilbery described as "shocking, anti-social and criminal in the real sense of the word."

We are chiefly interested in the remarks of one of the counsel, who, when referring to the girl, said: "She may be one of those who go out, perhaps not realising what the world is, and hoping for a bit of fun by picking up young men and perhaps having a dance. I hope that other young women may learn that this sort of thing in these days is a somewhat dangerous form of pleasure."

It has been the fashion lately to talk about the sophistication of the modern girl. Thousands of newspaper articles and hundreds of books have been produced, devoted to the purpose of showing how "knowing" she is—how much better equipped she is than her grandmother for "taking care of herself."

AND it may be that some of our readers may think that John Bull is a little old-fashioned in venturing to sound a warning on such an old topic in these "enlightened" times.

But we make no apology for being old-fashioned on such a subject. For, like the learned counsel we have quoted, we know full well that "this sort of thing" (joy-riding and the casual picking up of strangers) is an increasingly dangerous pastime "in these days."

There is plenty of evidence of that. Criminal statistics show that there were nearly 900 cases last year where prosecutions were undertaken for what is called "indecent assault." And the figure has been increasing year by year.

But even so, the figure is no true guide. For as the police well know, and, indeed, as common-sense will tell us, only a small proportion of such cases ever reaches the courts.

All kinds of circumstances—the reluctance of the women to prosecute, for family, social and other reasons, and the difficulty of obtaining corroborated testimony—preclude the cases coming into the limelight.

The motor-car, which has been blamed for so many things, seems to have put a premium on this kind of offence.

An analysis of the court cases shows that in over 20 per cent. of the instances where the offence concerned young women a motor-car was involved.

THERE have been a dozen cases during the last few months which are similar in essentials to the Brighton prosecution. In each instance the story is the same.

A young woman is picked up at a dance hall and driven off to one of the innumerable road houses which dot the country and there made drunk. Or else she is deliberately and cold-bloodedly assaulted.

The possession of a motor-car does not imply a moral change for the good in the man who owns it. And to the prowler, to the sexual adventurer, it facilitates his despicable purpose.

As well as the evidence implicit in official figures and in the reports of court proceedings there are other indirect indications.

For instance, at a recent meeting of London and provincial kinema managers some strong comments were made about what they call the "kinema masher" nuisance.

These are groups of men with cars who frequent the kinemas with the sole object of pestering women patrons with their attentions. Many women have protested to the managers. And the managers' complaint is that in the present state of the law they can do nothing about it, except to bar the men from the picture houses if they could be pointed out. The Kinema Exhibitors' Association has the matter in hand. In America the managers can prosecute in such cases.

Dance hall proprietors have made the same sort of complaint. But, at the same time, judges like Mr. Justice Humphreys when trying assault cases have made bitter remarks about the conduct of some of these places.

In one Midlands case it was stated that there were rows of cars outside the dance hall, and most of the cars contained bottles of drink.

Men raided the dance hall, which was unlicensed, and persuaded girls to come outside to sit in the cars to drink. There was more than a suspicion that the drink was "prepared."

In a particular instance which led to the prosecution, a young girl, decoyed from the dance hall and into one of these cars, became unconscious in a few minutes, and "came to" the next morning in a field miles away, having been assaulted, and left there by the men.

The same judge recently gave other indications of the growth of this kind of offence and the alarm which the authorities feel about it, when he stated that the maximum sentence (two years' imprisonment) was, in his view, totally inadequate.

Besides the cases involving private car prowlers, there have been half a dozen others in the last few months where lorry drivers were concerned. Girls foolishly accepting lifts to the next town for the "fun of the thing," and some to look for work, have been criminally assaulted.

WELFARE societies are continually writing to John Bull, asking us to issue warnings to girls against accepting lifts or going on joy-ride jaunts. Their records are full of tragic cases with which they have had to deal.

The police have ways of dealing with the "car prowler," methods which are not always strictly official, but there is not much chance of dealing legally with the situation, except by increasing sentences on conviction.

We ourselves can only warn young women to be on guard against the "car prowler," and urge the proprietors of kinemas, dance halls and road houses to remember that they have other obligations besides taking their clients' money.

By exercising more control over the way they run their businesses, they can do a lot to make things more difficult for the type of sexual prowler who has no place in a civilised community.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Epidemic Peril on the New Estate

IT is to be hoped that the millions who live in new housing areas will escape the epidemic now ravaging Surrey towns. But it is by no means certain that they are safe against this latest menace to health.

We need hardly say we have no wish to appear alarmist. But we must point out that the conditions responsible for the illness of many hundreds of men, women and children are not confined to the districts at present affected.

They may occur at any time in most places where building development has been rapid.

Unpleasant

Doctors and public authorities alike have been baffled by the mysterious malady which has swept the densely populated suburbs of Sutton, Cheam, Ewell, Stoneleigh, Morden and Worcester Park.

In some roads not a family has been unaffected by the outbreak, which for a time appeared to resemble paratyphoid, but is now described as gastro-enteritis.

Though in some cases the illness is not dangerous, it is decidedly unpleasant, the symptoms being high temperature, violent headache, general lassitude, diarrhœa, with perhaps acute vomiting.

Usually the attack lasts only a day or two, but may recur a week or so later. And, after being ascribed to such different causes as strawberries and the weather, it is now known to arise from the drinking of contaminated water.

Germ-infested water

However, the water company cannot be blamed. The real trouble is that the sewers in the Sutton and Cheam area were not large enough to carry away flood water and thus made it possible, during the heavy rains, for drinking water to become infected.

And the sewers were not large enough because no one foresaw the phenomenal increase of population that has taken place in these districts—as in others—during the last few years.

Need for warning

We shall not dwell on the failure of the local authorities concerned to take proper measures when the malady broke out. Though the first cases were notified in June, it was not until the middle of July that requests were made to the B.B.C. to broadcast urgent warnings that all drinking water should be boiled.

We welcome the questions asked in Parliament this week on the subject. But we are more concerned with precautions for the future. And we say that the Minister of Health, Sir Kingsley Wood, should issue a different sort of warning.

He should, without delay, advise all local authorities in new housing areas to make sure that the sewerage system is adequate for all contingencies. Otherwise the present epidemic will cause havoc not in a few towns but in many.

Food profiteering

"Retail prices of potatoes in February, March and April do not seem to have reflected the lower grower's prices prevailing in those months."

This is the finding of the Government's Consumers Committee. But the Committee has no powers to prevent future profiteering. It can only advise Mr. Elliot, Minister of Agriculture. And he seems to like high prices.

Splendid! but—

Really wise are the Board of Education's latest ideas about teaching your children. They include bigger classrooms, more practical training, gardens, playing fields, libraries, improved hygiene, more film and radio lessons.

So there ought to be first-rate State schools in the future. But what of the present?

The Board's first job, it seems to us, is to make an end of the school slums—schools with leaking roofs, bad sanitation, poor ventilation and poorer heating arrangements.

Here's to the People's Games!

England Safe for Hooligans

There's risk of an epidemic on new "mushroom" housing estates—and it's up to Sir Kingsley Wood to issue a warning

Arms and the man

Engineer Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Brown will soon be one of Britain's most important servants. He is the new Director-General of Munitions, and he should prove a good man for the job.

He would be able to do it much better, of course, if the arms industry were taken over by the State. Not only is it a moral outrage that a few people should make big profits on such a business, but experience has exposed the private manufacture of arms as tragically inefficient, wasteful and dangerous.

Unfortunately, the Government is frightened of the Merchants of Death.

Way to do it

That is why it is playing for time. That is why it set up the Arms Commission, which has been sitting for nearly a year. Meanwhile, arms profits rise.

Across the Channel—in France—a law is rushed through in a few hours to put the armaments industry under State ownership and control. But the new French Government is not afraid of the Merchants of Death.

The People's Games

The planning of the People's Games in Barcelona, whose complete success was marred by the Spanish revolution, was a bad shock for the organisers of next month's Olympiad in Berlin.

The future may bring an international meeting, run on the same lines, to rival every meeting of the Olympic Games.

At any rate, the Barcelona event was a triumph for the organisers. Their wildest dreams visualised a thousand competitors from four or five countries. The response was so overwhelming that they had to make arrangements for 10,000 from twenty-two countries. They had to do in four months what the Berlin officials took five years to complete. And they did it.

Lasting results

The idea was born in the antagonism to the Nazi system which makes it impossible for Jews or coloured people to join sports organisations. Notices on the walls of the new Olympic Stadium in Berlin forbid Jews even to enter as spectators, though these have been covered over for next month's games.

And the results will be lasting. In many lands there is a determination to start workers' sports associations. The one projected in the U.S.A., for example, will be free from the sham amateurism which has ruled American sport for years.

British worker-athletes were so keen to take part in the Barcelona meeting that they sacrificed their pay. They could do a lot worse than to work now for an *annual* international meeting. Why not?

Forgotten!

Into a church that is being demolished at Newcastle walks Miss K. Taylor, whose brother's name is on the war memorial there. The memorial, covered with dust and fallen plaster, is hanging precariously from the wall.

Yes, she can have it if she wishes. It will only be taken away with the debris. And so she takes it.

Have the Honoured Dead become the Forgotten Dead so soon?

Safe for hooligans

You'll be glad to hear that magistrates are still threatening to send political hooligans to prison.

In North London, a young man leading a procession insults a Jewess and pushes her out of his way, then assaults a Jewish man. He is fined 30s.

In East London, a mayor heading a Labour procession is struck with flour and eggs, and a riot is narrowly averted. The assailant is fined £2.

Comforting thought

Other places where political ruffians have been lightly dealt with in the last few weeks are Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Tonypandy, Walthamstow, Oxford and Hulme.

Never mind!

Magistrates are still threatening to jail the hooligans.

Path to safety?

Fire-escapes, those ugly iron staircases attached to buildings as emergency exits, can provide a danger of their own.

So thinks a Notting Hill man who, resorting to such a stairway to escape from an office fire, fell through an iron step that had rotted with rust and just managed to save himself a crash to his death by spreading his elbows.

Authorities inspect buildings to see if they should be equipped with fire-escapes.

Why shouldn't they inspect the fire-escapes, too?

Dogged by fate

Still fewer unemployed. Great news! But don't let us lose sight of one tragedy.

Employment exchanges are telling men who have been workless for years and are now wondering when their chance is coming: "Sorry, but employers aren't asking for men who have been out so long."

Is it fair that their only prospect should be a lifetime or bitter want and despair?

Employment racket

Bogus employment agencies are getting scared of the London County Council's war against them.

Evidence has now been placed before the council of a particularly shameful dodge practised by some of them. It is alleged that they give secret commissions to head waiters to discharge men after a short spell of employment, so that the men have to go to the agency again and pay a fresh fee.

This sharing of the fees between agency and head waiter is said to have grown into a large-scale racket. Look into it, L.C.C.!

Parsimony we like

We don't believe most of the Scottish cheeseparing yarns we hear. But here's one that is true:

Scottish M.P.s agreed to speak for not more than fifteen minutes each in the Scottish Estimates debate. Result: better speeches, speedier business, improved efficiency.

Another lesson for the Sassenachs!

Blowing the gaff

There's a reverse side to the rosy pictures painted by interested people to entice British migrants to the Dominions. We've said so repeatedly; now a South African, Mr. B. K. Long, adds his testimony.

He tells Nottingham that colonials are becoming more and more antagonistic to the English. There is great hostility "to allowing emigrants to compete with their own people." They say, "We have plenty of unemployed of our own. Why are you coming to take the bread out of our mouths?"

Not a very alluring prospect, is it?

Peril on the road

"Callous, abominable, horrible," says the coroner of an Essex motorist's conduct. We agree.

The motorist, Leonard Beard, killed a young man but did not stop. He is said by a Harley Street specialist to have suffered from meningitis since the age of two, which has affected his sense of right and wrong.

A terrible disease. A terrible thing also that such men as Beard should be let loose on the road.

Worthy of hire

We hate anonymous letter writers. And yet—

The Yorkshire road mender earning 8½d. an hour who writes in protest against increases of £3,000 in the salaries of higher officials can hardly be expected to give his name and address, can he?

And while we've no doubt that the council officials are worthy of their hire, we don't see why the labourer should always be overlooked.

Deadly weapon

There's no weapon so deadly as ridicule in dealing with cranks and killjoys.

Carlisle parks committee wants to stop old-age pensioners from playing cards or dominoes in the park pavilions. Maybe it fears the old folk would gamble away their surplus wealth.

Mr. Cant, a prominent opponent of gambling, reminds the councillors that many of them had a flutter on the Derby sweepstake, describes the proposal as "absolutely idiotic," and laughs it out of court. Mr. Cant's name evidently belies his nature.

Lost for ever

It's no surprise to us that, according to the Official Receiver, the £57,244 capital of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., has been "hopelessly and irretrievably" lost.

We may be pardoned for pointing out that we predicted disaster directly this company was formed to seek the fabulous wealth supposed to be buried on Cocos Island.

We can tell you

By the way, we receive so many letters from people who have lost money through dealing with bucket-shops that we must remind our readers that, through our Free Advice Service, we are able to recommend reliable stockbrokers with whom it is safe to deal.

If you are thinking of making fresh investments, don't forget it!

Child's misfortune

In March last we commented on the case of a child who suffered terrible misfortune following scarlet fever at a hospital near Hull. No reflection was cast upon the professional skill of the doctors concerned, and we should like to make it equally clear that the Medical Officer of Health for Hull spared no pains to keep the parents informed of his investigations on their behalf.

THE Real CABINET CRISIS

MacDonald, Baldwin, Hoare, Eden . . . . the present Cabinet system has broken each of them down in turn

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, the Foreign Secretary, was ordered by his doctors the other day to take a complete rest. When the announcement was issued Foreign Office spokesmen endeavoured to minimise its significance. It is "just a little holiday," they said.

But the fact remains that Mr. Eden had to go to the country and spend the best part of a week *in bed*.

Most holidaymakers do not spend their "time off" in bed. And there is not the slightest doubt that Mr. Eden, thirty-nine years of age, the youngest and presumably the fittest of the Cabinet Ministers, had temporarily broken down under the strain of his job.

This is the second time within fifteen months that Mr. Eden has done so. Last April, you will recall, he came home from his flying tour of European capitals and doctors found that he was suffering from heart and nerve strain. He was away from the Foreign Office until May.

He is the third Cabinet Minister within four months to take an "enforced holiday." Mr. Ramsay MacDonald recently spent a fortnight in a nursing-home. And then, of course, there is Mr. Baldwin's famous "extended week-end" at Chequers because of overstrain, overwork, and sleeplessness.

◇◇◇◇◇

GOING back only six months, Sir Samuel Hoare—Mr. Eden's predecessor at the Foreign Office—cracked up under the job. If he had not resigned over his Abyssinian pact with Laval he would, nevertheless, have been away from his post. For he was ill until March with, at one time, congestion of the lungs.

There are rumours now that the burden of his task at the War Office is overtaxing Mr. Duff-Cooper's health. That is the charitable interpretation put by many on some of the more bitter of his public outbursts on recruiting and the like. Mr. Duff-Cooper has always been arrogant, but as a professional diplomat his utterances hitherto have always been marked by a certain suavity and propriety.

This state of invalidism among Cabinet Ministers, and the steadily increasing evidence of lack of grip in the decisions and actions of the Government that seems to go with it, should give us cause for concern.

There are people asking if the real "Cabinet crisis" of which we have heard so much lately is not in the Cabinet system itself.

A few days ago Mr. L. S. Amery, who as an ex-Minister can be expected to know something about the system, said: "Before long the whole question of the machinery of government will have to be taken seriously into consideration if Ministers are not to collapse under the strain.

"Meetings, however frequent, between a score of departmental chiefs do not make a body from which either foresight, consistency, boldness of policy or promptitude in action can ever be expected. . . . They are not a real Cabinet. It is not merely that those who attend are overworked. It is that their minds are immersed in administration and steeped in departmental outlook."

In the days of Disraeli, Gladstone, Palmerston, Parliament could devote a whole Session to a single subject, as they did once with Irish Home Rule, which was not half so serious a matter as a single gesture of Hitler's, such as the occupation of the Rhineland last Spring.

Why Our MINISTERS BREAK DOWN

To-day, a Minister has minutes instead of days to make a speech which declares Britain's attitude on a given matter, and nine times out of ten the situation has changed before or soon after the speech has ended.

But the procedure, the tradition of the Cabinet system and the machinery of government remain the same as in those easy-going days of the Victorians.

Do you remember the cry wrung out of Mr. Baldwin at that City of London dinner a few days ago which followed his "doctor's holiday"?

"It was possible to do business then and think of what you were doing. I could have been a statesman in those days. To-day we have, none of us, one minute to think."

Mr. Anthony Eden has had no holiday for eighteen months. He had arranged to go away during the Easter recess for three weeks to Morocco. Hitler's invasion of the Rhineland and the endless discussions and journeyings which followed between Paris and Geneva put a stop to all that.

A fortnight ago journalists at Geneva saw him sitting white-faced with weariness at the Council table, listening to another European situation being created by Hitler's Danzig envoy.

And what about the Prime Minister's job? He presides over the Cabinet meetings at which he must keep touch with and co-ordinate the work of the departments.

On top of that he must receive reports from and give decisions on the findings of an endless series of committees. These jobs flood in daily. There are now over a score of these vitally important bodies, beginning with the Committee of Imperial Defence.

◇◇◇◇◇

THEN tradition loads two further tasks upon him. As Leader of the Government and head of his Party he has to attend personally to problems which concern its strength and its discipline. And he must be in the House to answer questions addressed directly to him, and be present at all debates on Government legislation, even if he as Prime Minister takes no part therein.

Mr. Baldwin's is, of course, the most arduous job of all within the Government. Six years of it—and an easier time than the present—broke the Highland stamina and vigour of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

A cruel Parliamentary wit dubbed him the "boneless wonder," "the filleted philosopher." But six years of such toil as the Prime Minister's has come to be may well sap the vitals of any man.

All the key-post Ministers are overworked. Lord Monsell left the Admiralty and Viscount Halifax the War Office simply because they could not stand the pace.

The most pressing danger is that Ministers loaded with departmental detail have no time to plan ahead—allow for future necessities in war or peace. They are dealing all the time with present contingencies, living from hand to mouth on questions of policy.

Various governmental devices have been devised to get over this danger. But they do not seem to work.

First we have the appointment of Lord Eustace Percy, as "Minister without Portfolio." His job was to do the "thinking ahead" for all the Ministers and help the Prime Minister by indicating broad future lines of policy arising out of the work of each Department of State. He went. The system beat him.

Then we have other "free lance" jobs within the Government, like those of Viscount Halifax as Lord Privy Seal and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as Lord President of the Council. But they seem to have achieved little in lightening Ministerial burdens.

There are people who might say, when they read of Ministers breaking down or complaining about the weight of their burdens, "What about Hitler or Mussolini or Stalin? They run the whole roost themselves and we don't hear of them breaking down."

◇◇◇◇◇

AND, indeed, there is something in that query. For democracy in these times, horrible as the suggestion may seem, can learn something from the dictatorships. It—and this country in particular—can learn something about organised distribution of responsibility and duties.

Hitler, Mussolini and Co. do not spend a large portion of their working day listening to details of departmental action as Mr. Baldwin has to do. Their chief officials, unlike our Ministers of State, are concerned only slightly with details of departmental routine and their jobs do not cut across one another.

We can still maintain our democracy while overhauling our Cabinet system. All the muddle, frustration, and indecision of the country's recent policies both in home and in foreign affairs springs from faults in that system. Parliament is not to blame. Parliament helps and wants to be clearly guided.

What the country wants is a Cabinet along the lines of that which came into being during the pressure of the Great War. A small Cabinet, of not more than six of the key Ministers of State, freed from all departmental duties, and so able to give full time and thought to consistent policies and arrive at swift decisions.

The present Cabinet system does not allow of such a strong central authority. But we want it, not only for the present problems of defence and foreign relationships, but for the just as pressing national problems of unemployment, health, and education.

With a reformed Cabinet system, Parliament would be able to keep a much closer hold on the conduct of the nation's affairs. Ministerial burdens would be lightened and we should be able to get things done.

Besides, and to say the least for it, it might help to keep a few more of our statesmen off the "sick list."

A NEW

Britain's great new "Keep Fit" movement is turning out a race of perfect physical specimens among its women

THIS summer there is a women's Test team, made up from the thirty or so women's teams which already play good class cricket. It is ready to take on all comers, even, perhaps, some of the men's elevens. Last year such a eam went to Australia and wiped the pitches with the best women's teams that "down under" could produce

Not long ago there was a 20,000 "gate" at a football match between Englishwomen and Frenchwomen.

At the Olympic Winter Games, although Britain sent the pick of its athletes only three put in any showing in the championship classes. *All were women*, two of them skiers and the third a skater, seventeen-years-old Cecilia Colledge, who made history by running close for first place a matured world champion, Sonja Henie.

Last year Miss E. M. Hiscock, of the Foreign Office, was voted the best athlete among 80,000 women Civil Servants. But to achieve this honour she had carried off a series of track events such as few men athletes have ever equalled.

Another woman, Miss Violet Piercy, a Marathon champion, put up a "freak" endurance test which no male athlete has ever tried. "On the way to the office," as it were, she ran five and a quarter miles from Highgate to the Monument, sprinted up its 311 steps, and emerged at the top 43 mins. 2 secs. after her start from Highgate.

Perfect

Finally, at the last World Games, a woman did the 100 metres (practically 110 yards) in 11 9-10 secs. The finest of our men athletes, who can manage 100 yards in 10 secs. or a bit over, are travelling only slightly faster than such women.

After these Games one of our greatest sports experts gave it as his considered opinion that the technical progress of our women athletes had now reached a point when the men would have to look to their laurels.

There are dozens of similar items that anybody can get for himself from recent newspaper reports of feminine sports achievements. They are pointers to a great social change.

But the true scope and significance of that change cannot be gathered from the newspaper accounts of field and track events, interesting though these may be. What is really taking place is nothing more or less than a revolution.

It is happening not on sports fields but in the indoor halls of hundreds of towns and villages of Great Britain, on the roof-tops of factories and blocks of offices—in any place, in fact, where there is room to move about and create a small gymnasium. And what it amounts to in effect is that British women and girls are becoming perfect physical specimens as fast as Britain's manhood is sinking to C3 standards.

Half a million

The "body-line cult," the new movement has been called in some quarters—although it has nothing to do with "slimming," and cult is the wrong term to use in connection with a movement which already has half a million women members, such as typists, shop-girls, factory workers, and suburban housewives, and is conducted throughout in the most matter-of-fact way.

Its heart and headquarters is an organisation only a few months old which calls itself the Central Council for Recreative Physical Training.

This body began by recognising the fact that of the five and a half million young people in this country between the ages of 18 and 24 less than one-fifth took any form of physical training. The other four million were either apathetic or totally unprovided for.

Whilst the chief Continental countries have been handling the physical training of youth on a national basis (and, tragically enough, on a *nationalist* basis), Great Britain had been content to let the vast majority of her young men and women remain spectators at every form of sport and exercise.

The Council began its work by inviting representatives from every available youth organisation and all established sports, athletic and gymnastic associations to seats on the Council. It stressed the non-political and non-sectarian character of the movement.

So among the list of more than one hundred members you find such widely contrasted bodies as the Amateur Boxing Association and the Margaret Morris Movement; the Association of Jewish Youth and the Church Girls' Brigade; the Miners' Welfare Committee and the Army Sports Board. The first step the Council undertook was a survey of the exact position of recreation facilities throughout the British Isles—the needs and the facilities available. It found a dire position.

Gigantic task

With the exception of a bare dozen or so of the larger and more enlightened firms, few industries maintained physical training facilities for their work-people. For the rest, young people could be catered for only by a few organisations like the Y.M.C.A. and kindred bodies.

And there was a great lack of teachers. In all Britain there were only two men's colleges turning out qualified gymnastic instructors. There were five gymnastic training colleges for women: Anstey, Bedford, Chelsea, Dartford and Dunfermline.

The survey which it published a few months ago showed the Council what a gigantic task it had to face. But on the slender basis of existing sports organisations and the teaching material it could find, it got to work.

First, courses for sports leaders, men and women, were created, and then the "Keep Fit" movement was inaugurated by classes for the young public held in scores of towns from Ashford in Kent to Rotherham in Yorkshire, and from Whitstable to Llandudno.

As soon as these classes under the direct auspices of the Council got really going, applications for advice, teachers, and technical assistance for starting other classes poured into the Council from every part of the country, from voluntary organisations, industrial firms, and even local authorities.

Sheffield's lead

Within the space of a few months the movement has gathered pace with an ever-increasing momentum.

To-day, without a penny piece of help from the Government, which has talked glibly for years about physical training for the young and about playing fields and such matters, the new "Keep Fit" movement has got many hundreds of classes going.

The outstanding fact which has emerged, however, is that it is the

GOLD *and* DIAMOND Gamble

THE temptation to make what seems to be "easy" money is strong in most folk, and that is a fact well known to plunderers and share-hawkers the world over.

It was only recently that we issued a timely warning to those who are asked to invest their savings on the promise of quick and profitable results.

We are now receiving an avalanche of letters from readers everywhere who have been favoured with circulars inviting them to remit £10 for shares in a concern called the Garth Chilboug Gold Syndicate, Ltd., of Canada Permanent Building, Toronto.

The offer comes from far afield, but on the face of it is none the less attractive. It is described as a "grand speculation with splendid possibilities," and it is obvious from the accompanying literature that the small investor has been especially selected for what is called an "opportunity" to take part in Canada's Gold Mining Industry.

There is an accompanying printed sheet, described as "an independent weekly newspaper." This is published with an air of authenticity, though its purpose is merely to boost the offer.

According to it, the syndicate is to use the money invested to finance diamond-drilling and to make a survey of no fewer than twenty-six claims in the heart of the Chibougamau Gold Field.

* * *

And the president of the "Syndicate," a Mr. R. T. Gilman, after spending twenty years tracing gold, is personally supporting the venture.

The alluring details published of the production of gold in Canada, the unusual progress already made, the "quick profits from new producers" and "pyramid fortunes," are calculated to inspire small investors with hope!

The connection between diamond-drilling and gold is apparently based upon the proposed survey, so that "if the result of exploration reveals ore of sufficient quantity the fortunes of courageous speculators will be assured."

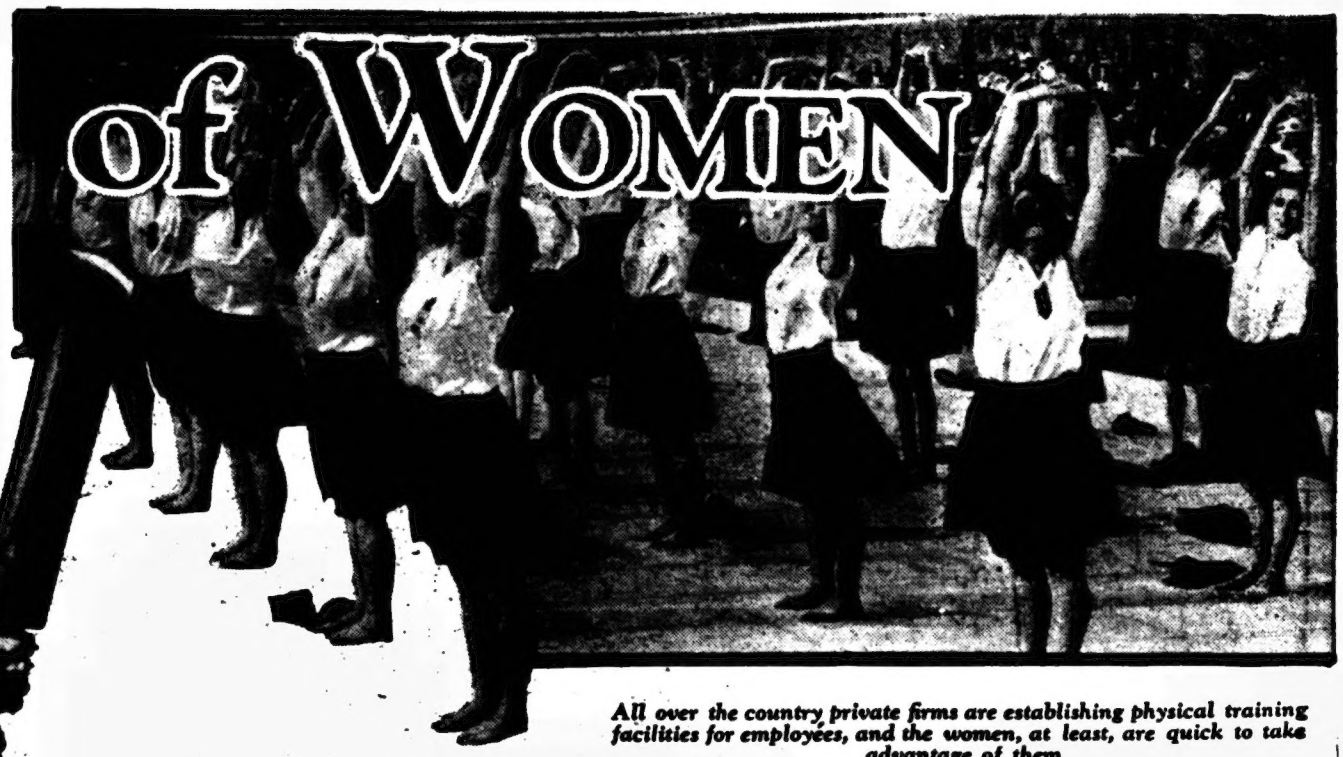
All this in the customary traditions of trans-Atlantic share salesmanship, but Mr. Gilman himself, though he thinks he has a "winner," covers himself very cleverly by adding in his letter that at the worst the gamble can only result in the loss of £10.

The bait is one that all too frequently finds investors in this country, and many are the stories that could be told of hapless speculators who have sunk their savings in gold, oil, ranches and all manner of adventurous concerns.

In this instance, the talk of immense fortunes, of millionaires, and the hint that the Chibougamau goldfields are in the heart of what is supposed to be the richest potential mining centre in the world, is likely to impress the gullible.

We like Mr. Gilman's self-assurance, his confidence, his asseverations, but the fact remains that the definite commercial possibilities are not yet determined, and that the offer is admittedly a gamble is a very good reason for leaving it well alone.

RACE of WOMEN



All over the country private firms are establishing physical training facilities for employees, and the women, at least, are quick to take advantage of them

Miss Betty Archdale. She captained England's Test Team that "wiped the pitches" with Australia's best women's elevens

Our Sports Girls' 'Keep Fit' Revolution

women who are patronising the classes. More than 90 per cent. of the attendances are women. The movement, too, is most alive in the factory towns—which is as it should be.

Sheffield, for instance, has 19 classes catering for 800 women pupils, whose ages range from sixteen to forty-five. Huddersfield, Rotherham, Lincoln and Halifax have nine classes each.

But some queer questions arise when the movement's figures are further studied. On the North-East coast and in similar great unemployment areas the classes are springing up almost daily and are packed with girls and women.

Sunderland, which is merely one town, has 3,000 girls and women attending weekly classes. This is a greater number than the whole of Lancashire, with its classes in 32 towns. There is a strange fact there for the social thinkers to ponder.

It is only the girls and the women who are alive and hopeful, keen on developing health and fitness, while the young men and husbands are content to stand about, sunk in the slackness of their enforced idleness. Are the women in revolt against the greyness of workless homes, and not the men?

All over the towns and villages of Durham, Cumberland, the West Riding and other "scheduled areas" you may see the Central Council's handbills and notices affixed on hoardings. And read: "A 'Keep Fit' Gymnastic Class for Girls (over school age) and Women will be held at the ——— Road School on Friday evenings. Entrance charge, 4d. per class." Always "Girls and Women. . . ."

There are, of course, many existing organisations for physical training and sports, such bodies, for instance, as the Margaret Morris institutions, the League of Health and Beauty, the various local sports clubs and welfare organisations run by many of the large factories and chain-store groups.

But there are millions who are not catered for by these bodies, and the whole end and aim of the Central Council has been to reach these millions with adequate facilities.

Where existing organisations have thought in terms of guineas and shillings the "Keep Fit" classes think in terms of pennies. None of the classes charge more than 6d. a session to each member. Some charge only 3d. And because of its powers of persuasion and example the Central Council has induced scores of business firms and local authorities to provide classes *free* for their employees and citizens.

Lucky laundresses

Almost the entire laundry business now provides P.T. classes for its young women, and so do most of the large London stores. Besides these are well-known national firms like Woolworth's, Carreras, Lyons, G.E.C. and others, to say nothing of countless smaller firms who have established gymnasia on the roof-tops and upper floors of their offices and stores, and have engaged "leaders" for instruction work.

At the same time the Central Council has induced expensive private institutions specialising in dance exercises and physical training to reduce their fees and extend their work to reach other classes. The Margaret Morris schools, for instance, now hold classes for business girls at fees ranging from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a session.

The movement has grown like a snowball during the past few months. It is enough for one class to start in any area of reasonable size to find another being asked for within a few weeks.

At Dartford an electrical firm started a class for its own women employees. Within a month another class was demanded and started in the town for the women's sisters and mothers who were not employed by the firm. This class was, of course, paid for by themselves.

Health—not muscle

At Bingley a small class was formed and eighty girls and women turned up for the first meeting. Another class had to be started and both are now full up.

There is no attempt in these classes nor in the movement to turn out women super-athletes or specialists in particular forms of sports. The class lessons are designed for fitness and health—not for muscular development or excellence in some particular sport.

Of course, definite sports activities have arisen from the classes run by the "Keep Fit" movement. There are now twice as many women's hockey, football, basketball, and similar teams as there were last year.

In such sports as discus and javelin throwing, shot-putting and hurdling, in which British women athletes have made a poor showing in previous international events, there are now experts in these arts coming forward in great numbers.

The "bringing out" of possible sports talent among the women who are attending these classes is ensured by the fact that such bodies as the Women's Athletic Association and individual associations dealing with the various women's sports have seats on the Central Council.

There is another side to this "Keep Fit" movement which the organisers did not exactly foresee but which has turned out to be a very good thing—the social side. In the newer suburbs particularly, the classes, by bringing women of all ages together, help to instil neighbourliness and develop the community's life.

Here is a very human letter which the Council recently received and which admirably illustrates the point: "I moved into this district six years ago," writes a woman from a new North London suburb, "and during the whole of that time I hardly knew a soul. After my husband had gone to work for the day I hated to stay in my lonely home.

"Four or five times a week I used to go all the way across London to the district where we used to live, just to be able to talk to somebody. My life in my new home was, without exaggeration, a 'living grave.'

"Then I heard that one of these 'Keep Fit' classes had been formed in the district. I joined it—and within two weeks I have found friends. The class has not only made a new woman of me, *it has made a new life for me.*"

The speed with which the "Keep Fit" movement has grown and its widespread development (there is now only one small county in Britain which remains outside the Council's operations) make the most remarkable record in voluntary effort which this country has known since the war.

What of the men?

It is an interesting fact that official requests for information and advice are now reaching the Council from countries which have previously led Great Britain in health and sports organisation, from such countries as Germany, Canada, the United States, and South Africa.

The movement hopes to have a million women attending the classes as a result of the intensified drive set going this Spring and continuing through the summer. The momentum is increasing, and offers, volunteering personal co-operation, are pouring into the Council's headquarters from groups and individuals owning stadia and gymnasia and from instructors.

The outstanding note, the ideal behind the movement for these million women, is expressed in the letter quoted above: "The class has not only made a new woman of me, it has made a new life for me."

But where are the country's young men? The movement aims at providing physical training facilities for *all* young people. It will succeed. But it will be a poor balance and a poor Britain if the end is a million healthy and fit young women and a million C3 young men.

double your pleasure with

15 for 6d

PARK DRIVE

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Grand Young Man of Eighty

Lady Colville's Confession—Cheaper Telephones Not Enough—Failure of Sir Kingsley Wood—Nonsense about Dogs

DEAR BERNARD SHAW.—You mustn't mind if I wish you many happy returns of the day.

I know you hate to be reminded of your age—most old men do until they are over ninety, when they begin to be proud of it.

But, though you will be eighty on Sunday, you are not old—and never will be, for you will never lose that gaiety of heart which is the real criterion of youth.

Though your beard has changed from fiery red to patriarchal white, though you sometimes startle us by saying you are soon going to die, you still remain the Playboy of the Modern World.

I suppose you are the only great man in history who has won world-wide fame both as a jester and a sage. For you are, of course, a Great Man.

A master of paradox, you yourself are a paradox. For while you have talked as much sense as any man living, you have probably also talked as much nonsense.

The explanation is simple. No one who is as prolific a talker and writer as you are could pour out undiluted wisdom all the time.

Where you beat all others is that whatever you are saying it is never dull.

* * *

Sometimes, of course, you talk nonsense deliberately to catch our attention, to make us swallow the good sense you artfully conceal between the nonsense. It is this odd mixture which makes you so provocative. As you have said, "What the world calls my originality is only my unaccustomed method of tickling it."

Well, go on being your inconsistent self. Go on being provocative and young.

Looking at your sprightly figure, knowing how fast you can walk and climb, I can believe that you "have the blood pressure of a man of thirty, the heart of a young man."

We shan't blame you if you are vain enough to declare, "I don't look more than seventy." But we shall be angry if you tell us again that you are too old to speak in public any more.

You are going to spend your birthday, I know, rehearsing three of your plays that are to be the chief feature of this year's Malvern Festival.

I hope you will celebrate it also by deciding to write three more, and three more after that.

* * *

I've heard it said that on your sixtieth birthday you remarked to a friend, "Well, I've shot my bolt."

That must have been another of your merry jests, for since then you have written "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah," "Saint Joan" (your greatest play), "The Apple Cart," "Too True to be Good," "Village Wooing," "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles," "On the Rocks," "The Millionairess," and the new League of Nations play which you have just finished.

Well, go on doing it. So, "Happy Birthday!" and many, many more to you Grand Young Man of Eighty.

JOHN BULL.

"... *and many, many more!*"

Major G. C. TRYON,
Postmaster-General

DEAR P.M.G.,—I am sure you will find that your latest concession—two hundred free 'phone calls a year for subscribers—will pay in the end.

But I hope it will not be your final effort to improve the telephone system. I have heard many complaints, for example, of the strain of waiting half an hour in a call box for a trunk call—a delay that is enough to make a saint impatient.

You will popularise the 'phone still more if you remove shortcomings of this sort.

JOHN BULL.

Lady CYNTHIA COLVILLE,
Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Mary

DEAR MADAM,—I'd like to make every rich man who has daughters to bring up read your frank confessions.

"I cannot cook or sew," you say. "I have never peeled potatoes; I cannot do housework, and I should probably be sacked as a domestic servant within a week.

I do not know what I should do if I was out of a job and had no friends or money."

Well, you must blame the snobbish "gentility" of the Victorian days for that, and I'm glad to think that most people now have more sensible ideas on the training of children.

But there are still a few people who think one can be well educated without being skilled in a single job.

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—You're falling a lot in my estimation. I can find no justification for your blunt refusal to prevent people being thrown out of their homes because of the newly discovered flaw in the Rent Acts.

A few weeks ago I asked you to be the country's Rent Champion. Time and again I have asked you to stop the gross profiteering and other abuses which unlucky tenants have to endure. I have suggested a fifty-word law that would stop excessive rents on all houses, controlled or de-controlled.

But you do nothing. You admit that you intend to go on doing nothing.

Change your mind before the public becomes disgusted with you!

JOHN BULL.

Major HARDING COX,
Garrick Club

DEAR MAJOR,—Public opinion would never tolerate your idea that all dogs not necessary for stud purposes or for sport should be sterilised, so that mongrels would be wiped out. "Every entire dog," you suggest, should pay a yearly tax of not less than £5!

No, poor folk who cannot afford three or five guineas for a thoroughbred will always be able to enjoy the companionship of a five-shilling mongrel, even though Sir John Simon politely assures you that your scheme is being considered.

And you ought to know that many people declare, "For friendliness, loyalty and sagacity, give me a mongrel every time!"

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. E. M. WHITE, J.P.,
Radlett, Herts

MADAM,—You forget one thing in arguing that, rather than there should be a retiring age for magistrates, it ought to be left to their common sense to quit the Bench when they feel that their faculties are failing.

You forget it is very difficult to persuade most people of advancing years that they are even approaching that state—hence the fact that greybeards of ninety still sit in judgment upon young people.

And though you think these bath-chair justices should use more common sense than they do, I doubt if some of them have any sense worth talking about.

JOHN BULL.

Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE,
M.P. for English Universities

DEAR MISS RATHBONE,—Congratulations on forming a Parliamentary group to press for more free or cheap milk for school-children, children under school age, and poor mothers.

I have no great hope of your success, but you will do well if you only enlighten your fellow-M.P., Miss Florence Horsbrugh, who tells Parliament that poor people ignore the food values of carrots and water.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. ENSOR WALTERS,
President, Methodist Conference

REVEREND SIR,—No, the "bright young things" you condemn are not a menace to the country. I share your dislike of those whose lives "seem" to consist of cocktail parties, cabarets and midnight revelries," but I don't think they are worth getting worried about.

They are so very few, you know, in comparison with the great mass of young people who work hard and enjoy sane pleasures.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST,
Avenue Road, London, N.W.

DEAR MISS TEMPEST,—This is to salute your debut as a film actress and to wish you well in the new career you are starting in your seventy-third year.

Really, it is only a politeness to wish you luck. For there isn't a shadow of doubt that the Marie Tempest of the films will be as distinguished as the Marie Tempest of the stage whom we all admire, or the Marie Tempest of the concert hall and opera house whom we used to admire.

Nor can there be any doubt about your pluck in beginning afresh at an age when most folk are content to dwell on the past.

JOHN BULL.

Liquor Lore

THIS is the day when I'm supposed to
write you deathless verse,
So send the office-boy to buy some
beer;
For men are often better when they are
for drink the worse—
High medical opinion makes this clear!
Just leave the soda handy
And don't take away the brandy,
For I'd fain produce the epic of the
year!

If sometimes in the past I've failed to
strike the highest note,
The reason for my failure now is plain:
'Twas simply due to carelessness to lubricate my throat—
A process very helpful to the brain!
But make me really squiffy,
And in less than half a jiffy
You will think that Milton's come to
life again!

On the other hand, you might possibly think that the printer had become slightly muddled and had put the crossword puzzle into the corner where I am allowed to disport.

So far I have not tried the experiment, but anyone seeking a scientific excuse for taking an alcoholiday may find it in the assertion of Dr. J. Hamilton Richmond that "Men under the influence of alcohol can do certain things much more capably than when they are sober."

Giving evidence regarding tests applied to a motorist charged with being "under the influence," the doctor stated that when the customary demand was made for him to "toe the line" the motorist said he didn't think he would be able to, but found that he could.

This, the wise medico announced, was "probably a point against the defendant"—and he then proceeded to expound his remarkable theory that a person who, according to all the rules of the quaint game invented by police surgeons, *should* be incapable is often surprisingly capable.

If this is so, what precisely is the object of the comic tests to which motorists suspected of insobriety are subjected? It would appear that the inability of a person to "toe the line" proves that he is at least as drunk as a lord, whereas if he toes it with ease it is still "a point against him," proving, presumably, that he is as drunk as a couple of lords and three commercial travellers who have just heard that they have simultaneously won the Derby sweep and become the fathers of twins.

The magistrate, asking whether the capacity of some people to do things better when the worse for drink applied to car-driving, was told "To a certain extent, yes"—which suggests paradoxical possibilities.

What can one say of a fool like Jones?
Last week he signed the pledge,
And straightaway he went and tossed
A cyclist through a hedge!
The accident was Jones's fault,
A really nasty case,
For if he'd been merry
On whisky or sherry
'Twould never have taken place!

What can one do with an ass like Jones
Who tries to drive a car
When scandalously sober, so
He don't know where he are?
He was, of course, banned from the road,
A ban which will remain
Till he proves that he's slicker—
The better for liquor—
And fitted to drive again!

Y. Z.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Say it with SNAPS!

Never write home without putting in a snap or two. There couldn't be a simpler or surer way of pleasing people. And yet that's only one of the reasons for having a camera. If you have no camera, get a 'Kodak' now. 'Brownies' (made only by Kodak) cost from 5/- to 21/-; folding 'Kodaks' from 25/- upwards. Every Kodak camera has a precision-tested lens and gives fine clear pictures. Just ask for the size of Kodak film marked inside the Kodak camera you buy.

The Baby 'Brownie'
(made only by Kodak).

The new arrival in the 'Brownie' family. Smooth modern streamline. Supremely simple—you hold view-finder up to eye-level and press the trigger. Tested Kodak lens.

5/-

KODAK Film
makes the picture

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY KODAK DEALERS

KODAK LIMITED, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

The KING *without* FEAR

ALTHOUGH I was in Hyde Park when it happened, I saw nothing of the outrage that for a moment horrified the world. The motive of the perpetrator is still uncertain, and it may very well be shown that there was no actual attempt at assassination after all. But however that may be, one thing is perfectly clear.

At the time of the incident it undoubtedly appeared both to the King himself and to the world that such an attempt was being made, and, in view of this appearance, whatever the facts may have been, the behaviour of the King and of the world becomes deeply significant.

The response of the world was one of horrified but almost inexpressible relief. From every shade of political opinion and from all extremes of Government came assurances that our King was everywhere regarded not only with deep personal respect, but also as a figure embodying all that is most hopeful and most enlightened in modern civilisation.

◇◇◇◇◇

IT was the potentiality for good in the world, not merely of the King of Great Britain, but of this particular King, that was everywhere emphasised. From the most unexpected quarters, indeed, came official messages that almost unconsciously, it seemed, assumed the tone of personal affection.

In his escape from what, rightly or wrongly, was believed to have been a mortal danger the King was revealed as a ruler to whom, not only his own people, but the entire world, looks for light and leading in these infinitely difficult days.

It was a remarkable demonstration, and it establishes the King, as perhaps nothing else could have done, in the high destiny to which he is called. More than ever we realise the beneficent influence that he may exercise on the future.

◇◇◇◇◇

AS for the King himself, his behaviour was even more impressive. I am told that the moment it began he saw the threatening movement on the edge of the crowd and realised what it meant.

No man can find himself suddenly faced with what may be death without a quickening of the pulse, but, whatever the King's natural emotions may have been, he showed no sign of even faint apprehension.

In complete self-control he passed by what seemed to be a deadly menace with unruffled indifference. With what he could not but have supposed to be an assassin's weapon levelled at him, neither hastening nor moderating his pace, the King rode on.

It was a magnificent display of moral stamina. In its long history, the Royal Family, with many vagaries of character, has always been notable for this courage, and those familiar with him have known from his boyhood that in its present head is to be found as fine an example as any in the long descent.

I was speaking just after the event to a friend who at one time and another has had opportunities of knowing, and his actual words were: "That fellow is absolutely fearless."

◇◇◇◇◇

THE King's conduct in the Hyde Park crisis, moreover, was characteristic of the whole man. In one of the earliest of these articles I spoke of his intellectual courage. Now we have seen his physical courage put severely to the test and proved. The combination is rare, and in its possession the King is greatly blessed.

The Vimy Ridge Memorial, which the King will unveil on Sunday

Of one thing we may be sure, that this untoward incident will have no effect on the King's future life. He will be with his people as freely and with as little constraint as ever. I have heard the fear expressed that after this experience he might find greater seclusion necessary. The fear is groundless.

It was, I hear, the King's own wish that everything possible should be done to enable as many of the public as possible to see his presentation of Colours to the Guards' Battalions in Hyde Park.

He pointed out that the hundreds of chairs available might be placed round the parade ground, and also that standing room could be provided in front of the official stands without obstructing the view of ticket-holders.

The hint naturally was taken by the responsible authorities, but not with much imagination. Many thousands of people assembled in the Park to be rewarded by nothing better than the spectacle of other people's backs.

If the ring of spectators had been extended to twice its size, which would have been quite easy, the general effect of the ceremony would have been greatly enhanced and there would have been more than enough room for everyone to see it. The Parade itself was superb, but a little enlightened stage-management of a very patient public on these occasions would be a great advantage.

In presenting the new Coloprs, the King addressed his Guards in a speech that, although it was brief, was surely as inspiring as any ever spoken by a Sovereign. Speaking of the Great War, he said: "With all my heart I hope, and indeed I pray, that never again will our age and generation be called upon to face such stern and terrible days."

And then, even more memorably, he added: "Humanity cries out for peace and the assurance of peace, and *you will find in peace opportunities of duty and service as noble as any that bygone battlefields can show.*"

I have ventured to italicise those words. When a King, himself their commander, can speak to his soldiers in such terms, would it not be shame on the world if it did not respond with full and determined hearts? At this time, those were brave words, bravely spoken, and no one of us can fail to be moved by them.

◇◇◇◇◇

WHEN he visits Vimy Ridge on Sunday next to dedicate the great Canadian war memorial, the King will be fulfilling a promise made long ago as Prince of Wales.

His association with the Canadian Corps in France during the war was a close one and he gladly accepted this opportunity of renewing it. On his accession, however, it was feared in Canada that he would have to cancel the engagement, but the King decided otherwise. Personal memories and the wish to mark his pride in the Canadian gallantry at Vimy determined him to be present on what will be an historic occasion.

I believe that, with one exception, there is no precedent in British history for the dedication of a war memorial by a reigning Sovereign. King George, at a time when scores were being erected, had to make a rule against attending any such ceremony, departing from it only in the case of the national Cenotaph, and I recall no such event in earlier reigns. So that Canada's honour is the more signal.

Sunday's function will have a significance of peculiar interest. It will celebrate heroism as fine as any displayed in the war. But in honouring it the King is taking especial care that recognition of personal gallantry shall be in no way confused with a glorification of the war spirit. And in this he will be setting an example of the utmost importance to-day.

◇◇◇◇◇

IT is with this in mind that the King has decided to dispense with all military parade, and appear in morning dress with a top hat. All the high officials in attendance will, of course, follow suit. And the Canadian veterans, of whom some six thousand are expected, will wear civilian clothes, with berets alone to give them some semblance of uniformity.

The memorial itself, on which Mr. Walter Allward has been working for twelve years, is conspicuously in keeping with this spirit.

Magnificently placed upon the historic ridge, it is nobly devoid of all military symbolism. In its majestic composition there is not even any note of victory. The theme is Canada mourning her lost sons, and the motive is designed, in her sculptor's own words, "is a protest in a quiet way against the futility of war, challenging humanit to hate war instead of being proud of it."

As he stands before the great memorial on Sunday, the King will recall the days when as a young officer he was apt to make unscheduled appearances among the Canadian troops in the vicinity of Vimy.

I remember the story of a working party taking cover under bombardment while a fair young man rode by on a bicycle to hear a voice coming from the ditch, "Blimey, sir, it's the Prince of Wales."

And again his own words come back to us, "I am the same man still."

JOHN DRINKWATER'S *Intimate Diary . .* The King This Week

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY.
You can do it if you try. Selling Ladies' Silk Stockings and a 1,000 Bargains in Drapery. Catalogue and Guide Free. — COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY, 120 asstd. articles, 10/-. Dinner Set free. 48 cups, scrs., 4/-. Glass & Hardware Catlg. & Guide Free.—Bridge-st Pottery, 9, Burslem.

FREE Catalogues—WHOLESALE DRAPERY. Send a Postcard. Wonderful Values in Perfect Goods—ARCHER S, Castle Gate, Nottingham.

SMALLWARE. Hosiery, U'wear, Toilet Goods, Stationery, etc. Keen W'sale Price List Free.—FOX BROS., 36B, Thomas St., Manchester 4.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON E.C.3.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and beginners. Send for free Illus. Catlgs. of Household, Fash.on and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., Ltd., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited so why not sell by post—the modern method of trading? Advertise a bargain line in *John Bull's* famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for Shopkeepers and Small Traders.—Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

ORGANISE SIXIT CLUBS! Only six members needed. No goods over 6/- Easiest Club agency in the country. Quality goods give every satisfaction. Rapidly popularised, organisers soon have big number of clubs. Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Furnishings at 3/- and 6/-. Wonderful variety, quick service. Commission every six weeks, why wait longer? Send p.c. NOW for latest edition of Catalogue and all particulars. — GEO. DAY, LTD. (Dept. 2), 29, Altrincham Street, MANCHESTER. 1.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS
Earnings unlimited. Free gift every agent. Big cash Prizes. Catalogue Free.
F. J. TATE, 26, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS. 1.

AGENTS Wanted. Eaton.an Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Wines, Cigs., Toys, etc. Send p.c. for Huge Art Catlg. & Partics.—Eaton & Co. (Dept. 1), Eatonian House, Leeds, 12.

WANTED, 10,000 persons to form Xmas Clubs; no previous experience required. LARGEST COMMISSION; also lovely presents, value £4 4s. Leather goods, Cutlery, Jewellery, Drapery, Toys, Dolls, etc., Chocolates. All leading Chocolate Lines, etc. Don't delay. Send p.c. for Giant Illust. Catlg., free & postage paid.—DENNIS & Co., Dept. 58, COLNE, Lancashire.

GOOD Commission. Xmas Club Agents Wanted. Chocs., Cigarettes, Fancy Goods. Illus. Cat. free.—Garratt, Stockley St., Northampton.

XMAS CLUBS.—No risk. No outlay. SPLENDID COMMISSION. Highest quality goods. Lovely FREE XMAS PRESENT every Agent. Souvenir Gift NOW to every applicant. Fine Art Catalogue and Terms post free.—MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. (Dept 43), SHIPLEY.

YOUNG'S Xmas Club require Agents in all districts. (Write now.)—Desk K., Gibson St., Leeds, for Catalogue, Terms, etc. Free Gifts.

AGENTS wanted for old-est, Xmas Club. Free Gifts. Biggest Cash Profits & quickest service. Monster Art Cat.g. of Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, etc., together with full particles., free. No outlay.—SHIELD XMAS CLUB (Dept. 14), Bradford.

EVERY HOME should form a D. & H. Christmas Club. Write for Free Gift Offer.—DYSON & HORSFALL'S Christmas Clubs, Preston.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS wanted. SUPER 4-in-1 "Gifts of Happiness" Outfit. Amazing Free Gift every applicant. Cash prizes. Highest cash profits. Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, Drapery, etc. All guaranteed. No outlay.—STANTAN, Ltd., Dept. A., BRIGHOUSE, Yorks.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Gift Every Agent, Huge Catalogue Chocs., Cigs., Everything. Largest Cash Comm. Satis. gntd. Gift NOW every Inquirer.—EMBASSY, Dept. 24, Brighouse.

XMAS CLUBS! Spare-time Agents Wanted for Oldest, Largest & Best Club. Write for Giant Art Catlg. and full parties. No outlay. Excellent Comm. Free Gift to All Applicants.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., BURTON ROAD, LEEDS.

AGENTS! Ask for Super Xmas Club Cat. Incl. Xmas Cards. Highest poss. comm. Free Gifts.—WATSONS (A), Ltd., 11, Cherry Row, Leeds, 9.

AGENTS WANTED. No experience necessary. Highest Cash Commission, also valuable presents to all Agents. Drapery, Cutlery, Jewellery, Leather Goods. All leading Chocolate Lines, etc. WRITE TO-DAY for most beautiful Catalogue containing over 1,000 lines. FREE, POSTAGE paid.—WESTMINSTER NATIONAL SUPPLIES, LTD., Dept. 158, Colne, LANCS.

PART-TIME Employment offered to reliable persons. Sell all classes of wearing apparel and household Goods. Good commiss.on. — Apply, Complete Outfitters, 8, Union Yard, Bradford.

AGENTS Wanted.—Xmas Clubs. Super catalogue ensures success. Best makes. Quality guaranteed. Cash Com. Free Gifts.—MATHER'S (Dept. 2), 192, Chorley Old Rd., Bolton, Lancs.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWEN'S, 10, Chapel St., Bradford.

EMPLOYMENT.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing over £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

TELEPHONY, RADIO AND MOTOR ENGINEERING are expanding rapidly; there are lots of Vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

AIR FORCE.—Young Men will be Wanted as Clerks, Engineers, etc.; our postal courses will get you through the entrance examinations. Particulars free.—Dept. L.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 10s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1936 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, Entrance Exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training, we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POLICE RECRUITS HANDBOOK for 1936 (FREE). Contains information of pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 353, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

PRINTING. (10,000 Handbills, 18/6). Books, Catlgs., Maps, Schedules, Dup. Books, Stationery, etc.; lowest prices. Samps. 2d.—Mead's (60), Sandy.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads, Memos, size 8 x 5, 100 1/6, 200 2/6. Handbills, Posters, Samps. free.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WOOL SALE.— Knittings from 1d. oz., Rug, from 6½d. lb. Angora 4d. ball, Art Silk 9d. hank. Free Samples and 16-p. Rug Guide.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

THORNS CUSTOMERS ARE ALWAYS SATISFIED

"... and I think the Shed as it stands is worth double the money," writes one customer, voicing the general opinion, YOU will think so too, and remember, you can secure one on first small payment and on fullest approval, so write now for FREE Catalogue No. 56.P.

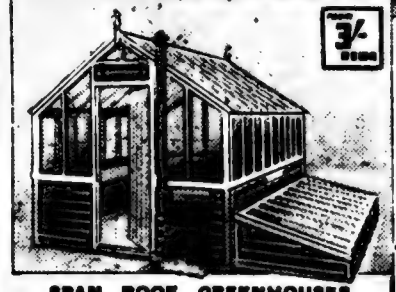
You save money at Thorns and get the finest value obtainable!

Planed timber ... "Strongex" Steel braced corners ... simple erection ... free lorry delivery ... safe arrival, are all points that customers appreciate. **See YOU** get them by **ordering Thorns.**

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS
Made in 6 accurately fitting sections for bolting together; with roofing felt, window glass, COMPLETE for a novice to erect.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Dep.	Mthly.
6ft.	4ft.	6 ft.	£2 3 0	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	2 16 0	3/6	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	3 1 0	4/-	5/6
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	3 7 0	4/3	6/2
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	3 13 0	4/6	6/8
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	4 8 0	4/8	8/-

Floors extra. Many other sizes and designs
Lean-to Sheds from 22/- each.



SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSES

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Dep.	Mthly.
6½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	£2 15 0	3/-	4/11
7½ft.	5 ft.	6½ft.	3 2 0	3/6	5/7
8½ft.	6ft.	7 ft.	3 19 0	4/-	7/2
10 ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	4 3 0	4/6	7/7
12½ft.	7½ft.	8½ft.	6 7 0	5/-	11/7

Glass cut to size, plant staging, etc.

Greenhouse Heaters from 44/-

Garden Frames from 15/-

ALL DELIVERED FREE OR SENT CARRIAGE PAID IN ENGLAND & WALES.

SPEND MORE HEALTHY HOURS IN YOUR GARDEN IN A THORNS
"Valley" Garden Shelter.

Long.	Wide.	Cash Price.	Dep.	Mthly.
6ft.	6ft.	£4 12 0	7/3	8/11
7ft.	7ft.	6 2 6	9/-	11/2
8ft.	7ft.	7 8 0	11/3	13/6

Floor, Roofing Felt and Window Glass included.
Seats extra.
Other designs from £6 13 6.

Asbestos Garages from 62/-

All-steel Garages, etc.

MOULDED WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Dep.	Mthly.
10ft.	7ft.	8ft.	£5 11 0	5/-	10/2
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	7 3 0	6/-	13/1
16ft.	8ft.	8ft.	8 12 0	8/-	15/6

SEND TO-DAY FOR FREE CATALOGUES

Greenhouses, Garden Sheds, Garages, Poultry Houses, 56.P.H. 56.P.S. 56.P.G. 56.P.P. — Garden Shelters, 'Army Hut' Buildings, Sports Pavilions, Beach Huts, etc. — 56.

J. THORN & SONS LTD., BOX 367, BRAMPTON ROAD, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the Police. Study at home in your spare time. Special Courses for Entrance and Promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, FREE.—Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CIVIL SERVICE, G.P.O. Engineers, Customs and Excise, Inspector of Taxes; no experience required. Open Examination; Vacancies regularly available; ages 17-24. Full particulars, with personal advice, free.—Dept. C.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. — Write for prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS.—Prices down and low easy terms. Garden Sheds, Greenhouses, Garages, Write for Free List.—C. Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

WALLPAPER MAKERS stock at half-prices, from 1½d. roll. Hundreds of Designs. Patterns Free.—Bruce & Hall (J.1), South Shields.

1/- SECURES a stylish and durable Mac offered by Ambrose Wilson on page 25. Use the coupon when ordering.

A SOLID GOLD WATCH for 1s. 6d. deposit. It pays to buy a good watch with a 10-year written guarantee. Send for Cuthbertson's complete catalogue of ladies' and gents' models, Diamond Rings, etc., all on easiest of easy terms. For address see advert. on page 3.

GET this free folder—all about Cycles, Accessories and Radio. To make sure of getting the lowest price, the best terms, write at once for the interesting folder offered by Currys' on p. 25. Fill in the coupon on p. 25 NOW.

Fill in the coupon on page 23 and send for a copy of the illustrated brochure, which contains a large selection of Dragon groups, all of which are obtainable on 60 Pay-Way terms, and which can be delivered to your home on first payment of from 4s. 6d. upwards. Orders by post are given very special personal attention, and you may order by post with confidence on the understanding that if, on delivery, any article does not meet with your fullest approval, it may be returned, exchanged, or your money refunded in full.

BABY-CLOTHES. — EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare centres. 75-garment Layette with full-size shawl, 20/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro. (Cash or Terms).—Mrs J. Howard, 69, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

POULTRY KEEPING.

POULTRY-PROFIT. — Make your poultry more profitable by getting "The Feathered World Year Book, 1936." The complete poultry-keeper's guide. Everything you want to know about buying, selling and breeding. Over 300 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. To obtain a copy, send 2/6 to "The Feathered World," Dept. J.B.1, 9, Arundel St., Ldn., W.C.2.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDION. Drums & All Access., Trumpets, Guitars, etc. 1d. p.c. brings wonderful 64-p. cat. free.—Terms. J. B. RAYMOND & CO., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

THE JUKA makes musicians of us all! You buy it to-day and play it to-morrow. No musical knowledge is required. This novelty instrument is being marketed by Messrs. Francis, Day and Hunter, Ltd., and is illustrated and fully described in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" on page 3.

FERRANTI offer you the biggest thrill in radio reception. Don't overlook the announcement on page 23. Further particulars of Ferranti radio will be gladly sent free upon request by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to the address in the announcement.

GARDENING.

ROSES & SWEET PEAS—you'll cultivate bigger and better blooms if you feed now with SANGRAL, the 10-day Fertiliser. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/6, 3/-.

SEVERAL free Catalogues of interest to gardeners, etc., are offered in the display advertisement on this page. By a simple plan of easy monthly payments you can obtain any of the models illustrated in the catalogue.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co., Ltd. (329E), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HEADACHE or NEURALGIA is quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powders or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE. —CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

THE ONLY Rupture Appliance that has been granted a Royal Warrant is The Pullant. Now chromium plated for general use and sea bathing. Sole distributors—Blunden Surg. Appli. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 329P), 9, Oxford St., London, W.1.

INDIGESTION sufferers! Fill in the coupon on p. 31 for free sample tin of Birley's ANTACID POWDER.

ASTHMA Sufferers: Don't overlook page 18. Fill in the coupon for particulars of free trial offer of a new remedy.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on page 33.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—PIONEER SALES 18, CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, WINCHESTER.

A FREE SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) from the advt. appearing on page 33.

EXCELLENT health for 1/- a week! This is the cost of Mr. H. Broom's International Physical Culture Course advertised on page 27. Fill in the coupon, which will bring you full details.

A FREE sample tube of MORNING PRIDE, the new brushless shaving-cream. Cut out the coupon on page 37. Pin your name and address, and attach 1½d. stamp for postage, etc.; or, if you prefer, write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing 1½d. stamp, to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A.), 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

CHEWING GUM is a proved calmer of nerves. Athletes, stage and screen stars, men and women whose work brings them before the public, are using this simple device every day, to freshen them up and keep them calm. Try making a habit of chewing gum, and you will cure your indigestion by your own will-power. Be sure to get Wrigleys!

A FREE trial supply of Steradent, which cleans and purifies dentures, is offered to readers who send 1½d. in stamps to Steradent, Ltd. (Dept. 31V.), 10, Chitty St., London, W.1.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on page 23 to your name and address with 2d. stamp for postage.

A WONDERFUL free Cookery Book. This new standard reference book, containing 120 good "family recipes," is yours free. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The British Commercial Gas Association (Dept. 9), 28, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, for a copy. Every housewife and cook should get this valuable reference book for all favourite dishes, with the easiest and best way of doing them.

NAIL BITING.
A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately, for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. A. Findlay (right), chairman of the National Labour Council, which has just issued a rebuff to British Communists, talking with Mr. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador in London

Bravo, Labour!

EVERYONE who stands for democracy and responsible government will rejoice that Labour has taken the gloves off to the revolutionaries of the Left as well as of the Right. As the enemies of its solidarity there is little to choose between the followers of ex-Comrade Mosley and those of whom I suppose Mr. Harry Pollitt must be regarded as the leader.

The fact that one looks to Mussolini for his inspiration and the other takes his marching orders and much else from Moscow makes no matter. They are one in their aim, which is to seize power and exercise it through the dictatorship of a faction.

In itself neither faction is important. The democratic idea is too deeply rooted in the soul of the British people to be in danger either from Mosley or Pollitt. It is as precious to Labour as to any section of the community.

Through the growth of that idea Labour has come to power in the past and will come to power again in the future. It will come to power, not as a dictator, but as the instrument of a free Parliament and a free people. Only so would it wish to come to power, and I am convinced that only so would the spirit of the British people permit any Party to come to power.

It is this fact that accounts for the new move of the Communists which has led to the scourging administered to them by the National Labour Council in the pamphlet issued from Transport House. The new move is this:

HITHERTO the Communists have adopted a frontal attack on the Labour leaders as the enemy of the working classes. "Codlin's the friend, not Short," has been their claim. Through their Press and their propaganda, dictated from Moscow and subsidised from foreign sources, they have assailed both the characters and the policies of the Labour leaders with venomous licence.

Parliament and democracy have been officially denounced as "empty and useless" instruments. The Labour Party has been pilloried as the tool of the "bourgeoisie," engaged in a conspiracy of "class collaboration." The leaders of Labour have been scoffed at as "traitors," "Social Fascists"—whatever that may mean—and "lackeys of the Capitalists."

And their loyalty to the League of Nations has been derided as a proof that they are the creatures of the Capitalists. For like Lord Beaverbrook and Lady Houston, the Communists hate the League. It is a "thieves' kitchen" which no self-respecting worker would enter.

Now all is changed. It would seem that new marching orders have come from Moscow. This is not to be wondered at. For the old marching orders have been a monument of futility.

The attempt to stampede Britain into Communism has been as inglorious a failure as the attempt to stampede her into Fascism. The people of this country remain contemptuously indifferent to both. In the course of the eighteen years during which the mountain of Communism has been in labour it has brought forth one Parliamentary mouse. And nothing is more certain than that at the next election even that forlorn exhibit will disappear to its hole.

This is lamentable business. Even Moscow looks for some dividend on its investments, and it is not surprising that it has called for a new strategy.

It is very simple. The frontal attack on Labour is to be dropped. It is clear that there is no prospect of blowing up Parliament and having a first-class revolution by that means. So the policy has to be reversed. The Communists must no longer stand outside Transport House, "cocking a snook" at the people inside as Herr Greiser did at the League the other day. They have to pocket their hatred of the people inside and get inside themselves.

Once there, once near the power-house of the Labour Party, they will be able to get a move on. They will get on committees. They will sabotage the machine—or, better, they will get hold of the levers and work the machine for their own ends.

IN time, it may be, they will bring the whole Labour Party to the Moscow penitent form, and reduce the trade unions, the co-operative societies and all the other institutions of Labour to the servitude which exists in Russia—see Sir Walter Citrine's "I Search for Truth in Russia"—under whatever dictatorship Mr. Harry Pollitt may be good enough to provide for us.

It is a great idea. It is worth eating quite a lot of humble pie for it. And the Communists are duly eating it.

No longer do they denounce the Labour Party and the Labour leaders. No, co-operation is what they want. No more do they abuse the hated "bourgeoisie." After all, middle-class support is vital to Labour. No more denunciation descends on the "thieves' kitchen" of the League. The new Communism is all for the League.

And no more do we hear of the "empty and useless" Parliament. After all, if they can get inside Transport House they can get inside Parliament. And as General Goering knows, it is much easier to blow up a Parliament from within than from without.

AND what does all this dove-like cooing mean? It means that October is drawing near. In that month the annual conference of the Labour Party is to be held at Edinburgh and at that conference the Communist Party's application for admission will be considered. Hence this minor key in which we hardly recognise the strident note of the Pollitt choir.

But in vain is the net spread in sight of the bird. Transport House knows the meaning of that minor key, and in the pamphlet "British Labour and Communism" the National Labour Council deals faithfully with the Communist plot—if such a barefaced change of front can be called a plot.

It shows that in spite of its new professions the Communist Party is still the same revolutionary organisation that it has always been. It is the old dog in a new coat, that is all. It is still a mere projection of Moscow, supported with foreign money and maintained to promote a violent overthrow of Parliamentary government.

"It is common knowledge," says the pamphlet, "that heavy subsidies running into thousands of pounds are received by the Communist Party in this country from abroad."

ONE wonders, parenthetically, what would happen to an organisation in Russia which was notoriously subsidised from England to effect a revolution. It would not be Siberia and the timber forests. It would be a shooting squad at dawn. There is short shrift for revolutionaries under a dictatorship.

In short, the National Labour Council exposes the Communist Party as an organisation dedicated by its own declarations to achieve a violent revolution, to destroy Parliamentary government and to set up a dictatorship on the Moscow model. It is an idle dream—as idle as the Mosley dream of a dictatorship on the Mussolini model.

Responsible Labour will have nothing to do with a "United Front" on this pattern. It will have nothing to do with it because this nation would not tolerate a Stalin any more than it would tolerate a Mussolini. It will have nothing to do with it because the mass of the working class in this country is not composed of political helots who can be dragooned by dictators. They stand, not for revolutionary violence, but for ordered and stable government which they control through Parliament and the free institutions that are the glory of this land.

I venture to predict that, after Edinburgh, Mr. Pollitt and his friends will still find themselves outside Transport House. And there they will remain, a mob of firebrands, so negligible in this great community that their support is worth nothing to any Party and their activities (which are known) excite neither interest nor alarm.

Housewife's Craze

AIRING is almost a craze with the good wife and mother. She knows the perils of un-aired clothing, particularly to children.

Even when her judgment tells her that sheets and woollens just back from the laundry or recently removed from the clothes line are bone dry, she will give them the little added heating that makes safety doubly sure.

It is so with a Grimsby housewife. Her kitchen fire was burning genially when bed-time came on a recent evening, so she stretched a few clothes in front of it—well away from the danger zone, she thought—before going to bed.

Then, in the middle of the night, she was awakened by the choking grip of acrid smoke fumes. She opened the bedroom door to admit great rolling torrents of smoke. She raced downstairs to find the kitchen ablaze.

Apparently a spark had begun it. But when the outbreak was extinguished, the damage to that family's treasured possessions amounted to many scores of pounds—more than that family could find in years of saving.

* * *

It would have been an overwhelming tragedy, only for the fact that JOHN BULL paid for the damage, the result of that housewife qualifying for the protection of our unique free family insurance scheme by the simple act of signing a coupon that is reprinted in JOHN BULL every week. Instead, years of worry and anxiety were saved by a signature.

So it may be with you, too, one day, if you are wise enough and thoughtful enough for the welfare of your family to sign the same coupon. You will find it to-day on page 2.

IF *you were Free*

The Human Machine

"IT is a platitude," said the late G. K. Chesterton, "and none the less true for that, that we need to have an ideal in our minds with which to test all realities. But it is equally true, and less noted, that we need a reality with which to test ideals."

It is not really so difficult as it sounds at first reading, though, if you have never thought before of the necessity for testing ideals by reference to a reality, you may have to think a bit before you see how profoundly true it is.

We've all got ideals of one sort or another. We all look at reality and dream of altering it to accord better with our wishes and our needs. We want more freedom, more leisure, more comfort, more progress. We are all trying, in one way or another, to push life a bit nearer to what we imagine to be perfection.

We set up a model in our minds and try to shape people and things to it. That is what is meant by "testing realities by ideals"—a simple test, how far does reality conform to what we would like it to be?

But the reverse is not so easy. We don't like doing it nearly so much. We don't often seriously ask ourselves "If we could see our ideals in practice to-morrow, how would they really work?"

There's only one way to test ideals. Stop thinking and talking in large, vague, general terms. Think and talk in a simple concrete way. Think how things would work if applied to Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown. Think what would happen to Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Robinson if you could alter things as you wished.

Ideals don't always look quite the same if you imagine them applied to a single individual you yourself know. It's a grand training in clear thinking and a wonderful corrective to vague and grandiose ideas.

Half the trouble in the world comes because we allow ourselves to talk of nations and classes and sects as though they are a single individual, instead of facing facts and realising that they are composed of millions of individuals each as different from each other as you and your next door neighbour.

HIS BACKACHE

WAS DUE TO HIS

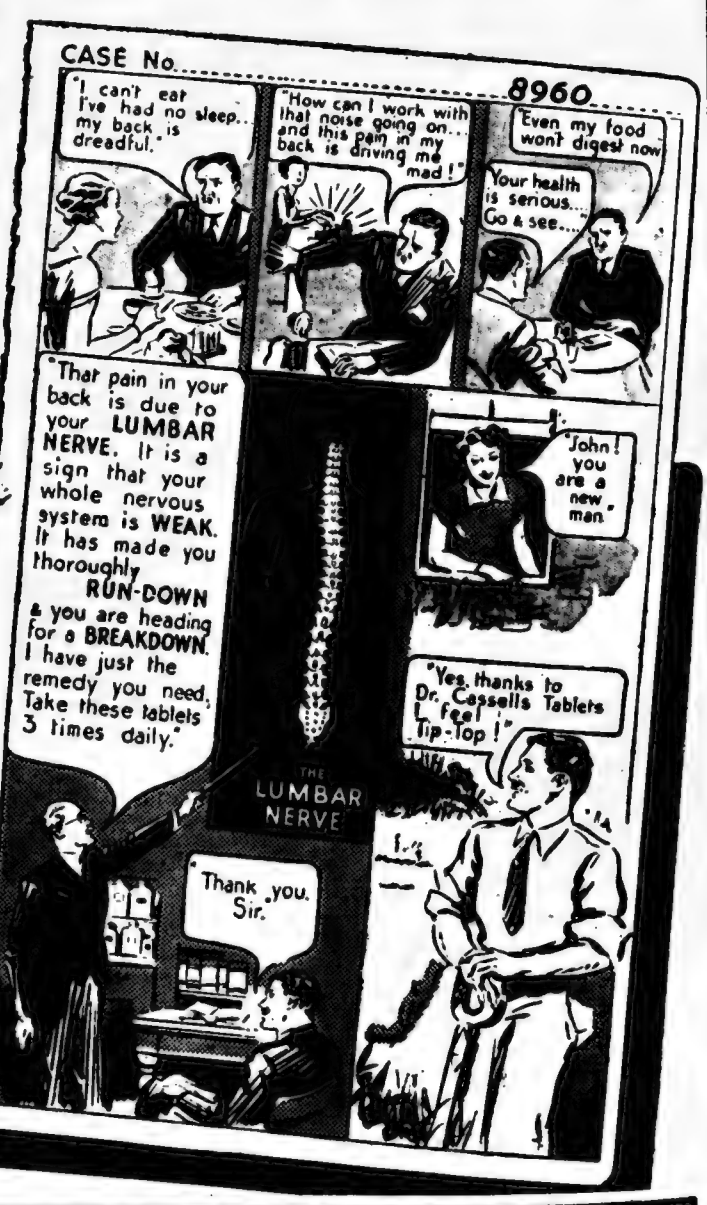
LUMBAR NERVE

Don't *FIGHT* WEAK NERVES —*FEED* them!

THERE are thousands upon thousands of men and women to-day who are simply "living on their nerves"! The source of their poor health is a mystery to them . . . they can't understand why nothing seems to do them good!

Weak Nerves can bring on symptoms of every Health Trouble known! Thousands of people are suffering from Nerve Trouble . . . and do not know it! They are heading straight for a BREAKDOWN yet never realise that it is their NERVES which are at fault.

BACKACHE (*caused by the Lumbar Nerve*) is only *one* symptom. **HEADACHES** (*Trigeminal Nerve*): **SCIATICA** (*Sciatic Nerve*): **INDIGESTION** (*Gastric Nerve*), etc., etc. ALL indicate Nerve Weakness. Begin AT ONCE to take a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets and so get rid of the CAUSE of the trouble.


CASE No. 8960
"I can't eat I've had no sleep.. my back is dreadful."
"How can I work with that noise going on.. and this pain in my back is driving me mad!"
Even my food won't digest now
Your health is serious.. Go & see....
"That pain in your back is due to your LUMBAR NERVE. It is a sign that your whole nervous system is WEAK. It has made you thoroughly RUN-DOWN & you are heading for a BREAKDOWN. I have just the remedy you need. Take these tablets 3 times daily."
"John! you are a new man."
"Yes, thanks to Dr. Cassells Tablets I feel Tip-Top!"
THE LUMBAR NERVE
Thank you, Sir.

WATCH FOR THESE WARNINGS!

Dr. Cassells Tablets are now known the World over. Their effect is almost miraculous, for they contain just what your starved Nerves need. They make you well so quickly, for directly the New Power is poured into the Nerve Centres every part of the body begins to benefit. It is almost as though you have taken on a new Lease of Life . . . the World becomes a bright and happy place . . . full of smiles and enjoyment instead of distress and misery!

If you are a victim of

HEADACHES	**INDIGESTION**	**DEPRESSION**	**DEBILITY**
BACKACHE	**NERVOUS BREAKDOWN**	**PALPITATION**	**LUMBAGO**
IRRITABILITY		**HYSTERIA**	**ANÆMIA**
NEURALGIA	**NEURITIS**	**SLEEPLESSNESS**	**SCIATICA**

you must instantly commence to build up your Nerve Power . . . to soothe and feed and *strengthen* those inflamed, weakened, health-starved Nerve Cells! Then and only then can you begin to get well!

Begin to take Dr. Cassells Tablets NOW and so experience at last the benefit of REAL HEALTH AND STRENGTH! You will face the world with a new confidence and cheerfulness. Your Vitality will return, your Pains will vanish, every minute of every day will disclose some new interest and new joy in life. But do not delay.

Fair-play Offer!

To make a trial, get a 1/3 box from your Chemist. Save the Carton. If not entirely satisfied, send it to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be returned in full at once.

PRICES
6D., 1/3, 3/- AND 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

HE MAKES *Thunderbolts* —TO ORDER!

Lightning "on tap" sounds a staggering notion—but Señor Vicente Maestre Y. Amat (right) is full of startling ideas!

FROM Spain, by way of Paris, a Señor Vicente Maestre Y. Amat has descended on London.

He came unheralded among the crowd on a Victoria Station boat train, and drove straight to a fashionable hotel in Piccadilly.

The event of his arrival—which Señor Maestre considers will be of supreme importance to the British Empire—took place in the early part of April. The time lapse since he began his visit should be noted in view of other happenings.

Before many days, the distinction of our visitor from Spain became public.

In some way or other Señor Maestre contrived to secure a certain amount of publicity.

And then his secret was disclosed. He is THE MODERN JOVE. For Señor Maestre can hurl thunderbolts at will. Confessing to an interviewer, he is reported as saying:

"*I come to England to make money*"—(the italics are ours)—"one of my ideas will make me a millionaire many times. Then I shall concentrate on my greatest idea. I have found out how to manufacture lightning for use in war.

"Shells and bombs will be puny affairs compared with my thunderbolts. Entire cities will be wiped out in a few minutes."

Lone hand

From which it would appear that this Spaniard is a scientist and inventor of surprising achievement.

To illustrate how he can harness lightning, Señor Maestre quotes an instance of setting fire to a box of *matches* buried twenty feet below ground by using a kind of electric ray machine.

With a proper, full-sized, war-designed machine he claims to be able to blast battleships and aerial squadrons at a distance of one hundred miles.

For the time being, however, this inventor is devoting his attention to more practical possibilities than the manufacture of synthetic lightning and thunderbolts.

He declares that he has a special process for extracting petrol from coal at a cost of less than twopence a gallon, and another for converting oil into solid fuel for naval use.

When he came he played a completely lone hand. He had no friends in this country, no introductions to other scientists, and he could not speak a word of English.

Through the publicity accorded him he received a number of enquiries concerning his alleged money-making inventions.

To all the people with whom he talked Maestre explained quite candidly, through an interpreter, that he needed financial support for his experiments and tests.

The first contribution he secured was £200 from the partner in a West End dressmaking firm, who admittedly is a novice in anything relating to chemical production. This man was given, in exchange for his cheque, an agreement appointing him the sole agent for the Spaniard in England for a period of seven years, with a 25 per cent. interest in all the inventions.

Ostensibly Maestre needed the £200 to bring over his laboratory apparatus from Paris in order that he could prove beyond doubt the possibility of his less-than-twopence-a-gallon petrol.

Offers rejected

With technical experts, Maestre was not so lucky as with the fashionable dressmaker.

Maestre approached the great Gas Light and Coke Company, London. There his story was listened to with courtesy, and he was informed that the whole of the laboratory resources of the company would be placed at his disposal for him to carry out every possible test under adequate supervision. If the secret process substantiated its value, then financial negotiations could follow.

That proposal was not accepted by Maestre. He excused himself on the ground that the company's laboratory apparatus was not suitable for his purpose.

Another company in the City of London, engaged in the production of petrol, undertook to pay Maestre £250 if first his laboratory experiments and then a works' scale test were successful. This offer also was rejected.

Then the assistance of a noted chemical engineer was sought. To him Maestre showed documents which purported to give the results of the "Maestre Process" as conducted in Paris. He added that he needed capital to continue work in this country and spoke of his hope that no less than £100,000 would be forthcoming.

We can reveal that the engineer was not unduly impressed with Maestre. He wrote a letter pointing out that it was rather a pity the Paris reports were so vague and conveyed very little to back up the Spaniard's claims.

The engineer added that he would be pleased to act professionally for the purpose of checking and ascertaining the true practicability of the "Maestre Process."

Soon Maestre was endeavouring to extract more money from his dress shop proprietor agent. He proceeded to ask for an additional £300, still with the object of bringing his apparatus from Paris.

But this business man decided—perhaps wisely—that £200 should be the extent of his assistance until Maestre "produced the goods." The extra money was not given.

After this we have Maestre seeking other assistance. He was able to influence the manager of a West End hotel grill-room to support him, and from this investor secured considerable sums of money. In addition he obtained a motor-car for his own personal use.

His studio

Having this new source of supply available, Maestre brought his wife and family over from France. He rented a furnished house in the St. John's Wood district of London, endeavouring unsuccessfully to get the landlord to defer the payment of rent until after his schemes had been successfully launched.

Further, he took a studio in Boundary Road, Kilburn, N.W., and had it converted into a laboratory. The room was divided into compartments and an assortment of apparatus installed.

None of this apparatus, we find, came from Paris. It was purchased from British firms of scientific instrument makers.

In these dealings again Maestre tried to obtain credit, but the firms were unsympathetic and he was forced to pay mainly in cash—the cash he had obtained from his backers.

And there you have Señor Vicente Maestre Y. Amat properly installed and entrenched in a fine furnished residence and with a laboratory to his own design, but all paid for by other people.

What about the petrol from coal at the cost of less than twopence a gallon?

Easy process

So far there has been no test of the "Maestre Process" under the eyes of independent scientific observers.

Many experts would like to see the Spaniard at work distilling his petrol from British coal, but they have not been granted that opportunity, although he has been in this country for nearly four months.

According to the documents he produces the process should be quite an easy one for display.

It consists of the simple heat treatment of coal in a retort over four gas burners.

One report of an experiment in France, confirmed by "The Bailiff of Sevres," near Paris, shows that from about thirteen pounds weight of coal, value sevenpence, a little more than one quart of spirit and two quarts of oil were obtained after the coal had been subjected to heat for four hours.

Such a report may mean, of course, everything or nothing. Because oil and spirit-bearing liquids can always be obtained from coal by such a method.

We suggest that in common fairness to the individuals from whom he is extracting money, Maestre should immediately place his supposedly secret process to the most rigid test.

A point worth emphasis is that Maestre has never taken any step to protect his process under the patent laws of this country.

Maestre, although he is so anxious to obtain money, is not too punctilious in his payments. Apart from his debts to backers, he owes more than £80 for the services of the interpreter he first employed.

Curious

One thing which Maestre does when he meets with difficulties over money from British subjects, is to threaten to depart to America and to sell his harnessed lightning and thunderbolt war-winning secret to the U.S.A. Government!

It is curious, if his secrets are so valuable, that his own country of Spain, or France, where he sojourned for some time and experimented in detail, should have allowed him to depart without regrets.

No more money should be invested in the man until he has proved his process beyond all question. If he does not do that, then his departure to America will not be mourned.

MARTYR to PROGRESS

WE have told many sad stories of victims of slum clearance schemes for whom progress has meant utter ruin, but none more grim than one that now reaches us from Bristol, where a man has been driven to his death.

So harrowing are the circumstances, indeed, that Canon L. G. Mannering, of Bristol Cathedral, has been moved to protest: "I find it very difficult to keep silent. I feel that slum clearance involves not only the sweeping away of houses, but the sweeping away of poor men's businesses, their livelihoods, and in this case their lives."

These are strong words, but when they have read the facts, our readers will share the Canon's indignation.

A man named William Broderick was found dead with his head in a gas-stove at premises he used as a shop. He had been driven to this act through sheer despair because his business was threatened by slum clearance schemes in the district.

He was trading in an area where a large number of houses were being condemned; people were removing elsewhere and he was facing ruin.

All his savings, amounting to nearly £300, had been sunk in improvements; he had worked hard for years to build up his business; had denied himself holidays and stinted himself in many ways.

His ultimate plight Canon Mannering describes as "a crescendo of ruin." The Corporation found his wife work as a charwoman, but that could not save them. They had pawned one thing after another in a vain effort to keep going.

They had hoped to acquire a new shop in another district; but when this hope died, Broderick gave way to complete despair and ended his life, a martyr to progress.

Slum clearance must go on; but surely it should be possible to temper the administration of the Act sufficiently to ensure that all who are required to give way before the march of progress are adequately compensated or assisted to re-establish themselves elsewhere.

LOST 6 st. 2 lbs.

And Never Altered Her Diet

KENT WOMAN SAYS FAREWELL TO FAT

'SILF'

Brand Obesity Tablets

The Safe Way to SLIMNESS

If you are worried by wreaths and rolls of superfluous fat . . . if you are watching with dread the increasing weight shown weekly on the weighing machine . . . **if you are made ugly, robbed of friends, success and health by excessive stones or pounds** . . . read this letter! Here is a lady who was more than 6 STONE overweight. Yet without starving herself or resorting to any dangerous methods she BECAME SLIM!

READ THIS LETTER

Dear Sirs, KENT.

Your splendid fat reducer "Silf" has done so much for me that I am writing to say how grateful I am.

Until six months ago I weighed no less than 16 st. 12 lb.—much too heavy for a woman of my height—but to-day I only weigh 10 st. 10 lb. **What a wonderful change—a reduction of 6 st. 2 lb.**

And let me say I have never felt better in health—for I had got very run-down—had to be always resting—could scarcely walk about, and felt a worn-out woman with nerves shaken and no energy left.

Let me also say that I never altered my habits of eating and diet. I still enjoy all my food, and this fact should be of good cheer to all stout people. Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) Mrs. M. C.

Nothing ruins beauty more than an ugly double chin, pendulous bulky cheeks and ungainly figure-lines. Banish this ugliness with "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets.

HEALTH IMPROVES AS FAT GOES

Mark what this lady says . . . she never felt better in health. That's significant!!! "SILF" is Nature's own remedy for Obesity! **It not only removes the outward evidence of fat, but also removes those inward accumulations which stifle your breathing,** constrict the action of your heart, interfere with digestive organs and ruin health! "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets accomplish this, not by depriving you of nourishment or washing away the goodness of your food but by *correcting* the condition which causes your body to store up fat!

Thus, as fat goes, so does Health return! As the Slim, Trim, Figure-lines of youth reappear from under the ugly mask of fat, so does the feeling and energy of youth return also.

As your body once more becomes beautiful . . . as Double Chin, Thick Wrists, Ungainly Hips, etc., are banished, so also are removed the worry, distress, danger and real health trouble!

No matter how long you have been too fat . . . no matter how much you may have ruined your health by unwise "slimming" treatment . . . no matter whether your excess weight amounts to many *stones* or just a few pounds, the action of SILF Brand Obesity Tablets is just as wonderful.

FAT MEN

SILF is equally beneficial for men. If you are beginning to get Fat and "Flabby" and to develop a "corporation"—take a course of SILF Brand Obesity Tablets and recover your youthful figure-lines.

No matter how long you take SILF it cannot cause you the slightest harm. Instead it will KEEP you fit and KEEP IN CHECK the tendency to put on weight!

Begin to take SILF Brand Obesity Tablets TO-DAY and so take the Safe, Sure and Healthful way to a Perfect Figure!

7 DAYS' TRIAL

YOU are invited to purchase a 1/3 box of "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets and if after taking them for seven days, as directed, you are not satisfied that a reasonable course of this remedy will prove beneficial, you may return the empty box to the Silf Company, Ltd., 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, and we will return the 1/3 you have spent.

1/3 3/- and 5/- PER BOX

Silf BRAND OBESITY TABLETS

You save by purchasing the larger sizes

From all Chemists, or post free by sending the price to:

THE SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 48S), 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

GUARANTEE

WE guarantee that "Silf" (Brand) Obesity Tablets are composed solely of Pure Vegetable Extracts and are prepared under the strict supervision of fully qualified Chemists. The fact that millions of boxes have already been sold is evidence of the harmlessness and suitability of this tried and tested formula.

AMAZING ASTHMA DISCOVERY

Banishes Bronchial Asthma and Hay Asthma For Ever

Mr. John Houben, who will gladly send Free Instant Relief and offer a Guaranteed Freedom from Asthma to all sufferers who post the form below or call upon him at Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

RECENTLY an Australian Business man visited London and called on Mr. John Houben, the managing director of Messrs. Hamlyn and Houben, the well-known Manufacturing Chemists. In the course of conversation he said that he was struck with the prevalence of Asthma in this country, and made the positive statement that if English people knew how easily Asthma may be permanently banished, they would not be continually buying Medicine to ward off Asthmatic attacks, but would end their Asthma at once.

Inquiry elicited the startling fact that he had in his possession a formula which had not only completely banished his own Asthma, but also that of every former Asthma sufferer to whom he had given it.

Because this gentleman has extensive interests in Australia and was anxious to return, at the same time being desirous of helping English Asthma sufferers to shake off the shackles of this distressing complaint, he entrusted to Mr. Houben the formula of his amazing discovery.

Permanent Freedom From Asthma

Unlike many preparations which are designed to afford relief but which cannot permanently banish Asthma, this Three-Fold discovery not only gives instant relief but builds up the resisting powers of the body, thus making for permanent freedom from Asthma.

Asthma, according to modern research Authorities, is not a disease in itself, but is simply a symptom of vasomotor instability.

Under the influence of this remarkable New Three-Fold discovery, the small bronchial tubes are relieved of their congestion . . . the sympathetic fibres constituting the vasomotor system readily respond to the absorption of Nerve Nutrients . . . the poisonous waste matter is expelled from the blood . . . the bodily resistance is increased . . . the natural functioning of every organ is restored.

FREE INSTANT RELIEF FOR READERS WHO POST FORM BELOW

Guaranteed Freedom from Choking Spasms—Gasping for Breath—Wheeziness, and all other Asthmatic Symptoms.

Mr. Houben knows how sceptical the average Asthma sufferer must be. He has, therefore, decided on a means of convincing every interested person that the New Three-Fold discovery is entirely new, different, and lastingly effective.

Genuine Free Trial

He will send to every reader of this announcement who applies on the form at the foot hereof:

1. A **free trial** of the New Three-Fold discovery which will give **instant relief** even in the worst cases of Asthma. He will also send:
2. Full details of his undertaking to permanently banish the trouble without asking the sufferer to incur the slightest financial risk.

No More Asthma

No matter where you live or what your age or occupation may be, if you have suffered a lifetime, tried everything you could hear of without getting permanent benefit, even if you have been utterly discouraged, do not give up hope but accept Mr. Houben's offer at once. Immediately you are free of Asthma, you will gain in health and vitality. Your body will become strong—your eyes will brighten—your face will lose that haggard, worn look—your appetite will improve and you will feel better—brighter and more optimistic with an entirely new outlook on life.

If you earnestly desire to say goodbye for ever to distressing and heart-weakening night attacks, wheezing and gasping for breath, interrupted sleep and suffering, you are strongly advised to write your name and address in the form below and post it to Mr. Houben. Send the form now.

----FREE----

INSTANT RELIEF

For Asthma Sufferers.

Mr. JOHN HOUBEN, Hamlyn & Houben Ltd., Ludgate House, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me trial supply of your new Three-Fold Asthma Discovery, and offer to permanently banish the trouble.

NAME .....

.....

.....

I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

John Bull 25/7/36.

CRIPPLED *in the* Army —and TURNED OUT *without a* PENNY

John Arthur Benstead a former athlete, now doomed to spend his days in a chair wholly disabled

FOR a young man of thirty-five who in his youth has gained amateur athletic honours the prospect of spending the remainder of his life in an invalid chair is a tragedy.

Yet this is the fate of ex-sergeant John Arthur Benstead, of Woodside, Woolaston, Gloucester, who lives with his wife and two children in a bungalow in ideal country surroundings.

The thing that is not ideal is the plight of this man and his family who are without means except for the help from friends and relatives.

The fact is that J. A. Benstead served with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps for over nine years, developed a form of spinal trouble during his service with the forces, and was discharged as "physically unfit for military service under existing standards."

Helpless

This man, who had become a helpless cripple, was thus thrown out of the Army without a pension, and without even a medical board.

Eventually he reached the Cambridge Military Hospital, where he received no treatment except rest for his complaint. This has proved to be a disease of the spine, which has left him crippled for life.

Since his discharge from the Army, Mr. Benstead has also spent prolonged periods on his back in the Bristol Infirmary, the Westminster Hospital, and the National Hospital, London.

Yet this is the man who was discharged without a pension!

Now he is back in his little bungalow at Woodside, Woolaston, with his wife and two children.

In the living-room are trophies which he won for running, swimming, cycling and other forms of sport, and this one-time athlete must sit in his chair, looking wistfully out to the open fields, where he may never walk again.

Sometimes his young son calls him to take part in a boyish game, forgetting for the time that his dad cannot move from his chair. On the other side of the table is a young wife who is facing tragedy with a brave smile and a loyal heart. Near the window is a bridal photograph of two young people happy in love and ignorant of the tragedy that was to come into their lives.

That this couple with their two young children are now reduced to the poverty line, and that no pension has been granted to the crippled husband is a scandal that clamours for redress.

Here are the plain facts: When John Arthur Benstead joined the Army in 1919 he was in splendid condition physically. There was no record of serious illness in his family.

He was still a thoroughly fit man in every way.

He served overseas in the East and eventually came back to England.

For a time he served at Beachley Camp, Chepstow, where, in the course of his duties, he suffered what at the time seemed to be a slight accident.

Benstead made light of his injury and carried on with his duties. But some months later he began to experience unaccountable trouble with his legs; they would not respond to calls of his brain as normal legs should do.

He used to ride a bicycle, but this became increasingly difficult. When it came to dismounting, Benstead found it almost impossible to swing his leg over the machine. He began to fall off his bicycle whenever he attempted to dismount!

The end

That was the beginning of the end of Benstead's life as an active man.

There came a day when he reported his trouble to the Medical Officer, who said: "I've seen you riding your bicycle, haven't I?"

To which Benstead replied quite earnestly: "Yes, sir, but you haven't seen me falling off when I try to dismount."

Though this was a perfectly sincere reply, it must have sounded as flippant to the medical officer, for Benstead was ordered to return to duty.

So it went on month by month, all the time this soldier's condition was getting steadily worse.

Soon bicycle riding of any sort became quite impossible. He could no longer make shift by falling off the bicycle when dismounting, because he couldn't even mount the machine!

Eventually, after continued attempts to convince the Army medical authorities that something was seriously wrong, Benstead was sent to the Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot.

Here again the medical experts seemed at a loss to account for his condition and unable to treat him.

"I saw my career slipping from me," Benstead declares "I held the rank of sergeant, and I was getting good pay as a tradesman at Army rates. I was anxious to stop in the Army, and what I wanted was treatment to make me fit. But they didn't seem to be able to do anything for me."

Then, like a bombshell, came the news that he was to be discharged from the Army; but when he asked for a medical board his request was refused.

So a crippled man, discharged without pension after more than nine years' service, returned home to his wife and family.

A Harley Street specialist saw him and wagged a despondent head. Lighted matches were placed at the bare soles of Benstead's feet, but there was no pain and no feeling at all.

Benstead was suffering from a form of spinal complaint due to injury.

Then followed weary months spent in various hospitals, but all to no purpose—this young ex-sergeant returned again to his home, with legs that were no use to him.

He has appealed for justice to the military authorities, but his appeal falls on deaf ears.

A letter from the Assistant-Secretary, the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, says:

Hard case

"I am directed by the Lords and other commissioners of this hospital, to inform you that your disability cannot be regarded as due to your injury."

There the matter ends, with the authorities disclaiming liability!

This is such a desperately hard case that we can only make a further appeal for a searching investigation into the whole facts.

Justice has been long delayed, but it is not too late for this man, who has served his country well, to be given fair consideration.

We sincerely trust that something will now be done to mitigate his sufferings.

JOBS by FORGERY Ramp Exposed

The British unemployed sailor stands on the dockside while his alien competitor takes his berth

AN ingenious fraud, designed to defeat the recent legislation governing the employment of foreign seamen in British vessels, is revealed by our special investigator, and should attract the attention of the authorities.

The fraud is the forgery of seamen's discharge certificates, and since in many of our big seaports to-day there are large numbers of aliens seeking berths, rogues have been quick to find ways and means to exploit the situation.

It is scarcely necessary to say that every berth secured is at the expense of a British sailor.

Seamen's certificates have always been subject to illegal sale and use, though until lately the market for forged papers was too small to warrant the risk of actual forgery.

But the Act of Parliament, framed to ensure that British ships should be manned as far as possible by British seamen, has brought about a change. In Cardiff, Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull and in London customers are easily found for the faked documents, supplies of which have become available.

Blank discharge certificates are now being filled in with false information to suit the requirements of alien seamen, enabling them to secure berths in vessels plying to all parts of the world.

The fact that names of vessels which have long since ceased to exist are used renders detection of the forgery almost impossible And another device is the mention of ships whose names have been changed.

The gravity of the scandal is therefore apparent, though it is difficult to prevent. A case, nevertheless, came before Mr. A. R. Dawson, the Penarth magistrate, the other week, in which it was disclosed that an alien seaman had confessed to purchasing blank certificates which were filled in with fictitious records of voyages.

In this particular instance the offender was rightly sentenced to six months' imprisonment, the magistrate observing the possibility that a large fraud was being perpetrated.

But the transaction between the foreign seamen and the forger is conducted in secrecy, so that the British sailor in search of employment stands on the dockside while his alien competitor takes his berth.

Though every organisation connected with shipping from the Board of Trade to the National Union of Seamen is aware that foreign seamen are thus defeating the law, there is at present no means of checking the fraud.

The traffic in certificates may be conducted on a comparatively small scale at the moment, but there are numerous prospective buyers in every seaport town, and the opportunity for the forger is unique.

The fact that it is possible to buy a certificate and to fill it in according to personal requirements opens up the possibility that undesirables of all kinds may be presented with a heaven-sent opportunity of obtaining safe temporary hide-outs when necessity arises.

Further, it provides the dope trafficker and the alien deporter with an easy and convenient way of overcoming their difficulties.

* * *

The undesirable alien who does not wish to leave British shores could easily utilise the discharge certificate traffic to escape the police and to complete any undesirable scheme which may have been interfered with by an order for deportation.

Indeed, the secrecy with which the transaction must be carried out and the difficulty of detecting a fraud make the whole thing a convenient peg for a number of illicit and criminal activities.

It cannot be too clearly stressed that his discharge certificate is the sailor's only credential, proof of his good character, and his record of service, and thus the sale of forgeries can be a highly profitable business.

The ramp is one calling for the most vigorous and the best concerted action on the part of shipping companies and seaport authorities.

Here They are Fighting the Battle Between . . .

POISO

I SAW FOR MYSELF
by a "John Bull" Investigator

A SIGNPOST, rising abruptly from the most lonely stretch of the Gloucestershire side roads on which I had been travelling for an hour, said Eastwood Park.

"There's your place," remarked my guide.

The sign pointed across the road at a ruined driveway which wound along among trees to lose itself in the distance. At the entrance was a lodge of grey Cotswolds stone, its walls lichen-stained and almost hidden in a wild, abandoned garden.

There were no gates by the lodge and its windows were uncurtained, the rooms empty. But a new, bright notice-board fixed to the wall said: "*Crown Property. No Admittance.*"

So I knew that, deserted as it seemed, I had found the place I was seeking. . . .

"Next war"

With Home Office permission, I had come to visit the headquarters of Britain's anti-gas defence. To give its full title and address: "The Civilian Anti-Gas School, Eastwood Park, Falfield, Gloucestershire."

Here, in this remote mansion and parkland estate, hundreds of picked Government pupils, chiefly senior police and ambulance officials, are being trained by wartime gas experts in methods of protection against the air raid slaughter in that "next war" which our leaders now seem to accept as a swiftly advancing possibility.

I had come to see them at work. I had come to see a rehearsal for the funeral of a civilisation. . . .

The driveway to the house, hidden somewhere among the distant trees, was carpeted with pine needles and noisy with birds singing in the July sunshine. Round a bend I came on a flock of newly shorn sheep couched in the lush meadow. There was nobody about, and for a quarter of a mile I walked on before any hint appeared of what I had come to see.

Then—in a gap through the trees—I saw a notice-board standing up in a meadow which sloped down to the right of the drive. "Danger!" it flared in huge black letters. "No unauthorised person allowed past this board."

Beyond the board and lower down in the greensward valley were many small hut structures, and wire enclosures, innocent-seeming, like buildings on a chicken farm.

Seclusion

More warning notices appeared and direction signs keeping me to the drive; and then, along an avenue bordered by rose trees in full bloom, I came upon the huge turreted pile of Eastwood Park.

Its terraced front faces miles and miles of rolling tree-clad downland up to the distant skyline of the Cotswolds; a view uninterrupted by any human habitations except the small hamlet of Falfield, a mile to the left.

The view has remained the same for over 100 years when Lord Liverpool, once Prime Minister of England, built the mansion here for the peaceful serenity of his old age. But now its seclusion makes it ideally suited for another purpose.

The Government has spent about £10,000 adapting Eastwood Park for its new purpose. On the day I called workmen were still busy, as they have been for months, converting the upper floors into bedroom accommodation for the "trainees" who will come to pass through the school course during the year.

The drawing-rooms, library and gunroom have been turned into lecture theatres, demonstration rooms and laboratories, each with its ascending rows of desks like a classroom in a school or university.

Outside, in the stables where once hunters and carriage horses were housed, bricklayers, joiners and glaziers were still at work.

These buildings have been changed into glass-fronted poison gas chambers, storerooms for respirators, rubber boots and the black oilskins which the trainees wear when handling blistering gases.

In outhouses built from the stables are more lecture rooms for gas mask drill; and beyond are some newly built brick structures which contain shower baths, "decontamination" chambers, and a mustard gas "laundry" where students who will supervise the street clearing after air raids are shown how to rid their bodies and equipment of the deadly traces of mustard gas.

Below the house, in a lovely lawn-like valley where once peacocks strutted, is the "range" where poison gas bombs, high explosive and incendiary bombs are exploded for demonstration purposes.

In what was once the ballroom of Eastwood Park and is now a club-like lounge for the students, I met one of the officials, an ex-instructor from the Army Gas School.

He took me first to a lecture-room where a class of a dozen middle-aged police superintendents and Council officials sit listening to a description of the effects of various poison gases and bombs on streets, buildings and human beings.

Charts are displayed showing the correct methods for the washing down of streets and the gas protection of buildings. There is a screen behind the teacher's dais on which a magic lantern shows slides illustrating the frightful effects of certain gases on human beings. These pictures are primarily for the "First Aid" students. I thought of the thousands of classrooms all over the country where at that moment young people were sitting learning truths and imbibing knowledge to fit them for life.

"We teach by the eye as much as possible," said the instructor, taking me along to the demonstration theatre.

"We cut out text-book work, because the students are busy men, and the course must be kept short. In the lecture room they are taught the main characteristics and behaviour of the gases likely to be used by an enemy—and here," he said, throwing open the theatre door, "we show them how to recognise the type of gas by sight—and smell."

The long room was fitted out like a laboratory, lined with shelves containing bottles of chemicals and apparatus. Machines stood about for demonstrating the air capacity of human lungs and for "proving" the efficiency of gas masks.

In a corner stood dummies fitted with gas masks and, on the floor, a complete medical dummy showing the internal anatomy of the human torso.

"First," the instructor went on briskly, "the students get to work on the smelling bottles." He reached down a small, square wooden box from among many others. It was padlocked and heavily inscribed: "Home Office Property. DO NOT OPEN! If found, finder please return immediately to nearest police station."

Deadly

"Demonstration bottles," the instructor explained briefly. "The trainees take these boxes away with them when they have completed their course, and in their turn become teachers to the men in their areas who will be engaged on air-raid defence work."

Inside the box were rows of stoppered bottles. In one was a

Above: The air-raid man, attired in full kit, who will operate in our streets if an air raid ever comes. Below and students experimenting by turning

ON GAS— and YOU

black, oily liquid. It was labelled Mustard Gas (H.S.). Carefully he removed the stopper. "Smell," he said, "*not too much.*"

I sniffed gingerly and caught a faint odour, vaguely reminiscent of garlic or horseradish but somehow unlike both these Something sinister, coldly spine-pricking rather than a smell.

"Here's another—Lewisite," he said, picking out another bottle and displaying it with the calm air of a man showing off some traveller's samples.

At the bottom of one of the bottles soaked into cotton-wool was a palely brown liquid. I remembered that this was the substance which (even in the last throes of the Great War when no device was too desperate to bring it to an end) was considered by our General Staff to be too inhuman a weapon to use.

"Perfumed death"

I remembered that droplets of this liquid in contact with the skin of a man will cause blistering wounds which will prove fatal unless promptly and skilfully treated. It is an arsenical compound.

And there it was in the bottle. "Smell," said the instructor, "*very* carefully this time."

He eyed me anxiously as he held the bottle up ready to snatch it away if I seemed to be about to inhale too deeply. There was an aroma as of geraniums—but again the cold spine-pricking sensation. The "perfumed death," they call it in America, where a scientist named Lewis first discovered it.

There were poison smokes, designated by simple initial labels on the bottles like D.M., D.C. and D.A., to take the place of the cumbrous names of these chemical compounds.

There were tear gases like C.A.P. and K.SK.; and retching gases all designed to incapacitate, to hamper the wearing of gas masks (if these were not donned quickly enough), to cause panic among the civil population. A whole hell's brew of them. But . . . "There's some more to show you," said the instructor. He led me out across to the stable buildings.

As we crossed the stable yard some children apparently belonging to members of the staff who lived near by were playing see-saw with a plank and a block of masonry which the workmen had left behind. As I went into the poison gas chambers and the "decontamination," I could hear them laughing at their play outside in the sunlight.

In these elaborately fitted rooms the students test out masks in chambers flooded with poison smokes and gases, to prove to themselves their safety; to gain the knowledge and the confidence which will enable them to teach the civil population.

Here the new "mask for the million" has been tested out. Thirty millions of these masks have been ordered and are now being produced. Last week the Government voted £850,000 as an initial expenditure on them.

While I was looking in the gas chambers I heard the soft pad of rubber-shod feet along the corridor. I turned and saw a man, disappearing through a door at the end, who looked like a figure out of one of those horrible illustrations which date back to the Great Plague of London. Or of an Inquisitor on his way to a torture chamber of the Middle Ages.

If it comes . . .

He was clad from head to foot in some black shining material. Rubber knee boots were on his legs, his hands were gauntleted. On his head was a black conical hood, and his face was concealed behind a goggling G.S. mask.

The instructor explained to me. "If war comes, that is the equipment which will be worn by members of the Air Raid Defence squads, whose job will be to clear buildings and roadways contaminated with mustard gas, Lewisite or the so-called persistent gases. Their job will be to hose down the streets and 'kill' deposits of the gas with bleaching powder and other chemicals.

"Students wear the equipment while they are getting actual practice on the dummy roadways down in the valley outside the school. But now he has gone to be 'decontaminated' because drops of the stuff may have got upon his clothing and boots. I'll show you a specimen chamber of the type which will be erected in all central areas for that purpose."

He opened the door through which the man had disappeared.

It was a bare room divided by a paint line down the middle. Against the wall was a row of airtight dustbins, each marked with the name of some article of apparel, such as "Hood," "Gauntlets," "Overalls," "Trousers," "Underwear," etc

Gas clearance

On the wall was a huge placard stating by numbers the "Order of Undressing." It is sufficient to convey the deadly nature of the stuff among which they are trained to work that the students undress by numbers. Each article as it is removed is placed singly in its appropriate tin. Then, stripped to the buff, the men step over the paint line and go under hot shower baths in the room next door.

Last of all I saw "The Range" down in the valley where the students are taught to distinguish between the detonating sounds of high explosive and gas bombs.

On this "range" ten-yard samples of every kind of roadway from wood blocks to macadam have been laid down complete with sewer gratings, on which the students practise the clearance of mustard gas with fire-hoses and chemicals.

The wooden structures that I had seen from the driveway when I came in turned out to be kiosks, each fitted with the different kinds of window in common use in houses. These kiosks are erected to demonstrate simple forms of gas-proofing by wet blankets, paper sealing, etc. Gas is blown at the kiosks with a student inside to prove the efficacy of the different techniques.

Later in the day I sat on the grey old terraced front of Eastwood Park while gas bombs were detonated in the valley below.

"Thud! thud! thud!" they went. On the mild summer breeze I thought I could smell a faint, far-off hint of geraniums.

My eye idly followed the top of the poison cloud twisting and dying in the glint of the westering sun. Over it my eye was led to a slender obelisk almost lost in the vague distance and perched on the very rim of the Cotswolds.

Geraniums

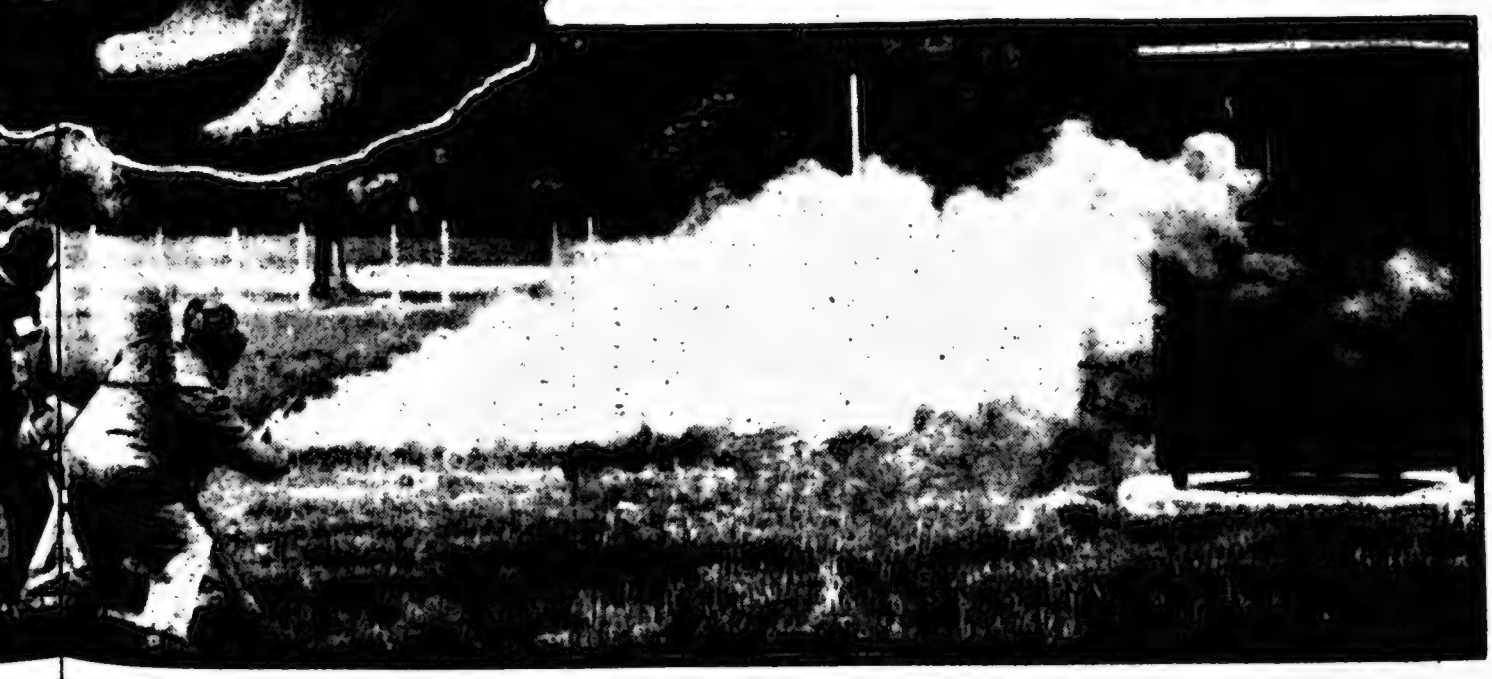
"What's that?" I asked one of the school staff standing by. "That," he replied. "That is a monument to Tyndale, the man who first translated the Bible into English. . . ."

But the terrible necessities I had seen that afternoon were a long way from the dream that inspired Tyndale 410 years ago.

I had seen enough and I got up to go.

My way out led again along that ancient, winding driveway. But now the parklands on each side were sunk in the soft, deep peace of approaching evening. Through a gap in the trees I actually saw a fox, early about his night's work, travelling up the darkening hills beyond "The Range."

I stopped for a moment looking back, until, suddenly, I was conscious of the woodland scent upon the air.



Below: Eastwood Park, Falfield, once home of a Prime Minister, is now a school for anti-gas instruction; gas on to an ordinary household window

NEW PLAY FROCK GRUBBY IN AN HOUR
IT'S HEART BREAKING—I HAVE TO WASH JOAN'S FROCKS EVERY DAY AND IT DOES SPOIL THEM SO
BUT I WASH THE TWINS' THINGS TIME AFTER TIME AND THEY COME UP LIKE NEW..
...IT'S SO EASY WITH OXYDOL—THE LATHER GETS OUT ALL THE DIRT AND KEEPS THE COLOURS JUST LOVELY
YES, OXYDOL LATHER IS MARVELLOUS—THE DIRT JUST SQUEEZES OUT WITH NO HARD RUBBING
OXYDOL
YOUR AUNTY WAS RIGHT—OXYDOL HAS MADE THE COLOURS AS BRIGHT AND FRESH AS NEW
OXYDOL
Thick, creamy Oxydol lather washes 'coloureds' better because it floats out all dirt with a gentle squeeze and no hard rubbing. Try Oxydol and see how Oxydol lather brings up colours! Big packet 3½d. Giant size 6d.
FOR A BIGGER TUB OF RICHER SUDS
WHEN WASHING-UP THE PLATES TO-DAY USE OXYDOL — GET GREASE AWAY
Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne & Manchester

• VULTURES OF THE DESERT

by

SECRET SERVICE OPERATOR 1384

What I saw seemed so utterly incredible . . . The girls were being thrown into the sea!

For New Readers

"Operator 1384" and an American named McCann are members of "L'Espionnage Central," a secret service offshoot of the French Foreign Legion.

They are pitted against "The White Tuareg," a renegade white man at the head of a gang of slave and dope traffickers.

After being pursued by Tuareg tribesmen, they are finally rescued by a detachment of the Foreign Legion.

They attend a secret slave sale at Tuat and arrest a trafficker named Muese.

Now Read On

Girls Overboard!

ESCAPING SLAVERS' CRIME

AS I stepped outside, I saw a couple of military policemen strolling along about twenty yards away. I called to them, showed them my card and ordered them to get help and raid the place immediately.

Within ten minutes we had Muese safely in jail. As soon as I had seen him locked in a cell I got through to Ducane on the telephone, told him briefly what had occurred, and asked for his instructions. He gave me none except that I was to use my own judgment and do whatever I thought most advisable.

The next morning I interviewed the doctor and asked him to examine Muese's shoulder. He did so, and reported that, although it was rather sore, there was nothing much the matter with it.

McCann and I accordingly made our way to his cell. Telling the jailer that I would call him if we required his help, I dismissed him, and we went inside.

Muese, sitting on the bare floor, greeted us with a sullen scowl.

"We've come to get some information, Muese," I said, "and I advise you to be friendly and give it to us without any fuss."

"My answer is that you can go to hell!"

"Yeah?" said McCann. "But I guess you've got it wrong, sucker. It's you for hell, not us. Kim on, Barrington; let's get busy."

I told myself that whatever he might suffer he would be getting no more than his deserts, and it would be difficult to devise a punishment that would fit his loathsome crime.

McCann, too, who detested as bitterly as I did this brutal flogging of men to extract confessions from them, showed none of his usual reluctance. He strode up to Muese, raised his bull-whip and struck him with it across the face.

Muese screamed with the pain of the blow, but when I repeated my demand that he should tell us all he knew his only answer was a torrent of abuse.

In the midst of Muese's screaming and cursing the door was suddenly flung open, and the doctor, rushing into the cell, snatched the whip from McCann's hand and struck him with it savagely across the face.

"Brutes!" he exclaimed furiously. "Monsters! To flog a wounded man!"

I stepped quickly forward, grasped his shoulder, spun him round and hit him on the jaw. He went down with a moan.

Hurried footsteps came along the passage, and the next moment the Commandant, with several officers closely following him, came striding into the cell.

"Who is responsible for this outrage?" he barked.

I stepped forward. "I am. And I shall do the same to anyone else who tries to interfere with the duties of *L'Espionnage Central.*"

The Commandant was beside himself with fury. "*Nom de Dieu!*. You shall pay for this, the pair of you! I'll have you court-martialled——"

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Commandant," I said. "Get the doctor taken away and see that the jailer cuts the prisoner down."

With a sign to McCann, I strode out of the cell and left the Commandant still fuming and vowing that he would report the matter to the General.

I quickly got through to In Salah and reported to Ducane exactly what had happened. When I had finished he told me to fetch the Commandant to the telephone, and I sent McCann in search of him. He came, very red in the face; and as he listened to what Ducane said to him, his face took on an even deeper hue. When the conversation was over he slammed the receiver on to its hook and turned to me.

"I'm afraid I lost my temper, Barrington," he said, "and I'm sorry. The doctor, of course, had no right to interfere, as you were only carrying out a very unpleasant duty, and in the circumstances you were quite right in acting as you did. I suggest that we both forget the whole incident."

"Sure we will," agreed McCann heartily.

McCann and I returned to the cell. Muese was lying on the floor, moaning. I crossed to where he lay and stirred him with my foot.

"Well, Muese," do you talk, or do we start again?"

"I'll talk," he said faintly.

"Good. Then I'll get you out of this and into hospital. But don't try any tricks, because if we do start again you'll wish we had finished you off the first time."

We left him, and I gave orders that he was to be moved to the hospital and given the best possible treatment; and there for a couple of days we let him rest.

Muese must have been fairly tough, for when McCann and I visited him at the hospital we found him pretty well recovered.

He told us that at the heart of the white slave traffic is an organisation known as the Centre. It consists of some five or six hundred members of all nationalities. Among themselves, these men are known as *cafetanes*, a nickname of which Muese could not tell us the origin.

One interesting fact which we elicited was that another consignment, consisting of about a dozen slaves and half a ton of drugs, was to be landed shortly between Collo and Storo on the Algerian coast.

I telephoned to Ducane and passed on the information to him, and his instructions were that McCann and I were to leave Tuat at once, proceed to the coast and try to make contact with the slavers there and cut off the shipment when it arrived.

Before we left Tuat, Muese went before a local military court and was sentenced to ten years' hard labour. It

(*continued on page 24*)

A Marvellous Change

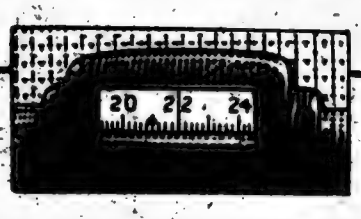
"For over a year my daughter suffered from anæmia," states Mrs. E. Green, of 50, Dennis Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. "She was pale, weak and languid, had no appetite, and lost much weight. Her nerves were in a bad state, and she could not sleep. Although we tried all kinds of remedies, my daughter grew steadily worse until at last she had to give up her work.

"A relative strongly recommended Dr. Williams pink pills, and my daughter started taking them. Soon we could see a definite improvement; her appetite came back, the colour returned to her cheeks, and she regained her brightness. Now my daughter's health is splendid; she sleeps well, is always ready for her meals, and thoroughly enjoys life—the difference in her is marvellous."

The only way to combat anæmia is to supply the system with new blood; that is exactly what Dr. Williams brand pink pills do, and it is because these pills really do create new, rich blood, that they are so successful in the treatment of anæmia. Try these pills now and notice the quick improvement in your health; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

(Adv.)

Short-wave tuning is child's play on Ferranti world radio . . . thanks to this feature



If you buy a radio without short-waves, you will find yourself behind the times. If you buy a Ferranti, you buy a set with a future. For all the new Ferranti superhets have short-waves — *and something more*. All models (except the Parva) have the 'Magnascopic' dial — an exclusive Ferranti feature which makes it child's play for you to wander over the whole world of radio. And while short-waves have been added, nothing has been taken from the utter reliability and truth of reproduction always found in Ferranti sets. You can still make the most of old friends among home and continental stations.

Ferranti sets are obtainable only from registered dealers — men who know the sets they sell and can give you intelligent service afterwards should that be necessary.

Illustrated is the Ferranti NOVA, All-wave A.C. Superhet, with full automatic control, energised moving coil speaker and 'Magnascopic' dial. In highly polished cabinet of modern design. 12 guineas. The Ferranti All-wave range starts at 9 gns.; Superhets with Magnascopic Dial from 12 guineas.

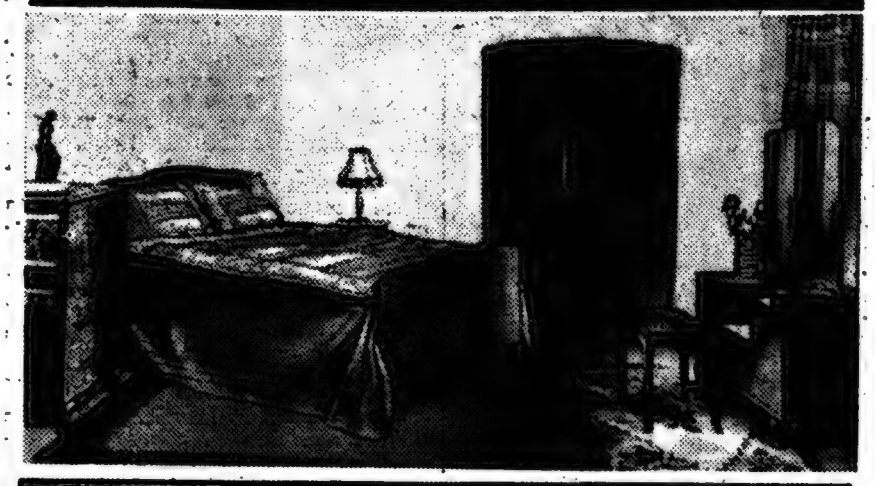
Ferranti free book gives you facts about short-wave radio

To Ferranti Ltd., Dept. JB 3, Moston, Manchester 10. Please send me a free copy of 'World Listening on Ferranti' and name and address of my nearest Ferranti Dealer.

Name and Address.....

.....

DRAGES
Fine Furniture



ORDER by POST

HUNDREDS OF GROUPS of Drages Fine Furniture are available *by post* on the same unique terms as you would obtain from a personal visit. Fill in the coupon below and send for a copy of the illustrated brochure which contains a large selection of Drages groups, all of which are obtainable on 50 Pay-Way terms, and which can be delivered to your home on first payment of from 4/6 upwards. *Orders by post* are given very special personal attention, and you may order by post with confidence on the understanding that if, on delivery, any article does not meet with your fullest approval it may be returned, exchanged, or your money refunded in full.

HUNDREDS OF GROUPS

FROM 4/6 monthly

50 PAY-WAY TERMS

mean 50 months to pay (*more than 4 years*) and no deposit for approved accounts. So that a monthly payment of 10/- buys £25 worth of furniture—other amounts, large or small, in proportion. And a Free Fire and Life Policy, issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. Ltd., with Drages written Protection in case of illness or unemployment, are given to every customer.

50 MONTHS TO PAY AND NO DEPOSIT

DRAGES

FOR FINE FURNITURE

73-77 OXFORD STREET · LONDON · W.1

Open Daily 9 a.m.—6.30 p.m. *Saturdays closed 1 p.m.*

Manchester: 42 Deansgate. Open all day Saturdays.

Open Thursdays till 8 p.m.

Birmingham: 101-103 Bull St. Open all day Saturdays.

SEND FOR THESE FREE BOOKS!

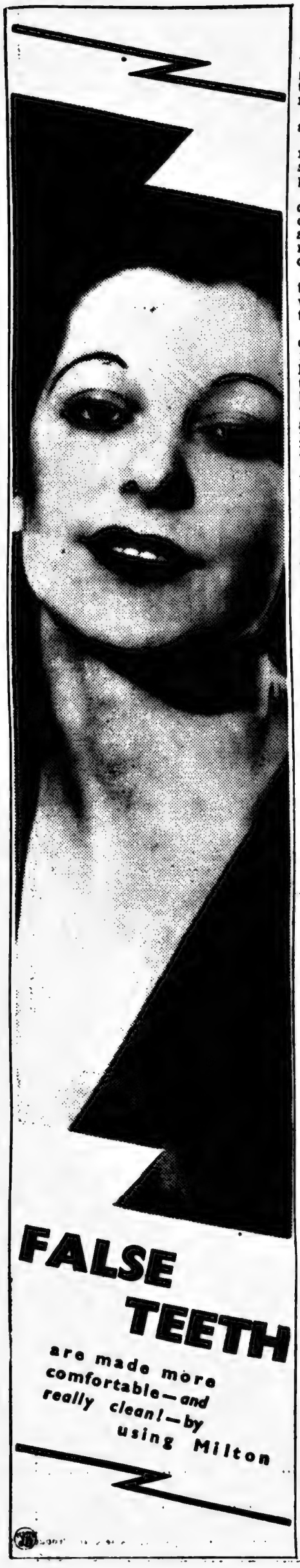
FREE *Post in unsealed ½d. stamped envelope. Please send me free copy of the new 32-page Brochure together with the book "You and Your Home," by Jane and John.*

Name .....

Address .....

J.B 25/7 .....

Continued from page 22



El Sakh was lying face downwards on the ground—a knife between his shoulder-blades

At the Café LAPIN BLANC

was a heavy sentence even for a man guilty of Muese's crime, and I managed, through Ducane's influence, to get it reduced to three years.

Two days later McCann and I left by aeroplane for the coast of Algiers.

Our first concern, as soon as we reached Algiers, was to disguise ourselves so that we could mingle with the native population without arousing suspicion.

We proceeded to Storo, which is a quiet little seaport town about a couple of hours' journey from Algiers, and spent our time hanging about the quay, mixing with the fishermen in the hope of getting wind of the slavers.

For two days we had no luck; and then a couple of Arab fishermen, whom we had several times helped to get in their nets, gave us our first clue.

They invited us to go with them to one of the dirty little cafés on the sea-front, and there, when their tongues had been loosened, they confided to us that there was not much of a living to be made out of fishing, and that most of their money came to them from the slavers, who paid them well for their help when a cargo of slaves was to be landed.

What interested us particularly was their statement that a cargo was expected very shortly, and that with it were coming two white men. They were two of the wealthy men behind the white slave traffic, so the Arabs informed us, and had promised them a big sum of money for their help in getting this consignment safely through.

The chief object of their visit, however, was to meet one of the big Tuareg chiefs, who was involved in the traffic.

We decided that, as the successful landing of the cargo seemed to depend on the help of the two Arab fishermen, they must be disposed of, and we accordingly arranged with the coastguard patrol, which passed that way once every day, to arrest them. That done, I sent McCann back to Algiers with instructions to secure a motor launch and some men to assist us.

"No firing"

It was a fast launch, equipped with a searchlight and a machine-gun, and the six men from the *Bureau Arabe* who comprised its crew were all well armed.

I thought the best plan would be to leave the launch where it was and keep a look-out from a cove about a mile along the coast.

It was a little after midnight on the third night when McCann, who had been peering through his glasses for a long time, touched my arm and pointed to a vessel that lay about a mile out to sea, slightly to our left.

I watched it carefully, and after about ten minutes I saw a small boat being lowered, and a few moments later a second one.

I quickly roused the men and gave them my instructions. "Remember," I said, "that there is to be no firing unless I give the word. If I'm not mistaken, there are women on board those boats, and if we get the slavers alive, that's how we want them."

We scrambled on board, the engine was started, and the launch shot off. She was a fast boat and quickly picked up speed. We showed no lights, as I was anxious to get as near as possible before our presence was discovered.

But those on board the vessel must have heard the throb of our engine, for we had scarcely covered half the distance between us and the two small boats when there came the crack of a rifle.

A bullet whistled past me, and one of the crew collapsed with a groan. I looked at him and saw that he was shot through the temple.

I signed to the man who was in charge of the machine-gun, and he gave them a sharp burst of firing.

It must have scared them, for the two boats suddenly altered their course, turned away from the shore and headed for the open sea.

We started up again and went flat out in the direction of the sound, but I could not pick the boats up again, and after a few minutes I decided to take a chance and switch on the searchlight. I had hesitated until then to use it because, although it would enable us to see the two boats clearly, it would also inform the slavers of our exact whereabouts and provide an easy target for their marksmen.

The beam shot out, and a few seconds later picked up the two boats. I was about to give the order to the machine-gunner to open fire again, but just for the moment, as I realised what was happening, I was incapable of uttering a word.

With the beam of the searchlight full on them, I could see everything that was taking place in the two boats ahead of us; but what I saw seemed so utterly incredible that for an instant I thought my eyes must be playing tricks. But there was no mistake about it.

One after another, the girls were being picked up by the men in the boats and thrown into the sea!

To Algiers

I gave the order to open fire. As I did so, two shots struck our searchlight, putting it out of action, and another one of our men collapsed with a wound through the chest.

"Full speed ahead!" I shouted. "Let the swine have it!"

But the loss of the searchlight was a serious handicap.

I decided to cruise around and see if I could pick up any of the girls who had been thrown overboard. By sheer luck we came across one of them. A cry for help attracted my attention, and after searching for several minutes, shouting to the girl all the time to hold on, we managed to find her and get her on board.

We continued our search for the best part of an hour; and then, as the slavers had disappeared and the rest of the girls who had been thrown overboard must by this time have been drowned, we headed back for the shore.

There I parted from the rest of them, McCann returning with the launch, with the girl aboard, to Algiers, while I went to inform the *Bureau Arabe* of what had taken place, so that the police might be warned to keep a look-out for any strangers; I then got into touch with Ducane at In Salah.

Ducane instructed me to proceed to Algiers and await further orders. On my arrival, I found McCann at the *Bureau Arabe*. We were ordered to remain in Algiers until further news of the slavers was received, and for several days we amused ourselves as best we could, chiefly in the various cafés.

Then information was received by the *Bureau* that the slavers had been traced as far as Ghardaia, and we were ordered to proceed there immediately in a special plane which was placed at our disposal.

As soon as we arrived, I told McCann to go to a certain little café which I knew well, and change into Arab costume, while I went to the *Bureau* and made my report. Leaving the barracks, I went to the café where I had agreed to meet McCann. It was run by a man who was in the pay of *L'Espionnage Central*, and he told me that McCann had just gone out and had left a message with him that he would meet me there at midnight.

I accordingly changed into Arab costume and spent the evening visiting various cafés in the hope that I might catch sight of the men we were after.

I neither saw them, however, nor heard any mention of them, and at midnight I returned to the café, booked a room, told the agent that McCann would be arriving at any moment, and went up to the bedroom.

I lay on the bed, lighting a cigarette and intending to keep awake until McCann came in; but I must have dozed off, for the next thing I remembered was opening my eyes to discover that dawn was just breaking.

I sat up quickly and glanced across to McCann's bed. It was empty, and I hurried downstairs to the café. Nobody was about yet, but I hammered noisily on the counter until the agent came in, and then enquired if he had seen McCann.

He told me that he had waited up until nearly two o'clock, when, as McCann had not come in, he had gone to bed.

I did not go back to bed, but made my way to the barracks, having instructed the agent at the café that he was to tell McCann, when he came in, to follow me immediately.

At ten o'clock, when there was still no sign of McCann, I began to get anxious, and in accordance with regulations I was obliged to report him to the *Bureau* as missing.

For two days I searched every café in the town without getting any news either of him or of the slavers.

As so often happens in Secret Service work, the information I wanted came to me in the most unexpected way, when I had given up all hope of getting it.

I was sitting late one night in the

(continued on page 26

HALF-GUINEA
Art Colour Picture
FREE To Dog Owners!

DOG owners! Here's your chance to obtain a Superb Art Colour Picture—of the type for which Art Dealers charge at the very least half a guinea—at absolutely no cost to yourself! The picture is of two English Spaniels and is magnificently lithogravured in six colours from the original painting by the late Dorothy Adamson, R.I., R.O.I., whose work is admired by Art Connoisseurs the world over. Printed on expensive cartridge paper, the picture measures 22 in. by 19½ in., and is beautiful enough to grace the walls of an Art Gallery. All you have to do to get the picture is to buy only 1/- packet Karswood Dog Powders from Boots or any of the 8,000 chemists, etc., who sell these famous powders, which are used by 80 out of every 100 dog experts to keep their valuable Champion dogs in perfect show condition. No coupons to collect—and there is no waiting!—you simply buy 1/- packet Karswood Dog Powders (containing 21 powders) and get your copy of the picture at the same time. If any difficulty, please refer dealer to E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., Adelphi, Salford, Manchester, 3, who will tell him how to get the Picture for you.

'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better

THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

EAT HUTTALL'S MINTOES
KEEP YOU CALM, COOL & COLLECTED!
PER OZ 4d.

Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The Small Ads Worth Watching
on page 14.

"NOW... I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"

Palmolive in her bath has the same soothing and beautifying effect on her back and arms and shoulders as it has already had on her glorious complexion. And her bath with Palmolive makes her feel amazingly revived and refreshed . . . looking her loveliest and ready for anything.

Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment: and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself *all over* the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.

3d per tablet

OVER 1,000 SPECIAL OFFERS
OF GOODS OF REMARKABLE VALUES!
GET YOUR COPY NOW—THE VALUES ARE GREAT!
Free FOLDER
Currys

CYCLES & ACCESSORIES
HIKING & CAMPING EQUIPMENT
RADIO & ELECTRICAL GOODS

Illustrated are only a few of OVER 1,000 BARGAINS described in Currys' large new 16-page Bargain Folder.

Send this coupon now
FOR 16-PAGE FOLDER OF OVER A THOUSAND OFFERS.
TO CURRYS, LTD., Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.
NAME.....
ADDRESS..... *(Send in ½d. stamped open envelope)*
.....
J.B 25/7/36.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CYCLE & RADIO RETAILERS

2D Stops PAIN

New hope rings throughout the World! To EVERY sufferer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Headaches, Nerve Pains and Lumbago comes a great boon. It is RELIEF FOR 2d.—made possible by BEECHAMS Brand POWDERS, the marvellous remedy, which—to use former sufferers' own words—"charms away pain like magic"! Get a packet TO-DAY! Notice how easy and pleasant they are to take—how quickly they act, owing to their wonderful ingredients and the fact that they are prepared in a special powder form.

HEADACHES
NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
AND ALL
NERVE PAINS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Beechams BRAND Powders

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Youre lucky

but Ovid ■ ■ ■ won his laurels for his poetry—certainly not for his hair. When in Rome do as the Romans do—but not if it means wearing hair like Ovid's! If this was a manifestation of poet's licence he should have had his licence endorsed. No wonder he was banished from Rome. To-day poets look almost as smart as business men, and as there's notoriously little money in poetry, it's lucky for them that Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine is so amazingly cheap. Field's gives hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but *why should you?*

FIELD'S *Solid*
BRILLIANTINE
IN THE FAMOUS *Lavender* SERIES

Try Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Shaving Cream. Also Toilet Soap, Liquid Brilliantine, Hair Cream, Dental Cream, Bath Cubes, Talcum Powder. Obtainable everywhere.

3D 6D
PERFUMED

WHAT'S YOUR HOME ADDRESS . . ?

It is pleasant to talk of 'your home'—but when Quarter Day comes round you realize whose it is! It is wiser to enlist the help of the Abbey Road Building Society and thereby enjoy the privileges of true home ownership.

ABBEY ROAD
LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY
Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1.
Sir Harold Bellman, Man: Director

CVS—449

ONE AGAINST NINE!

These are the odds faced by Operator 1384 when he pursues his investigations in search of his missing friend McCann. His lone fight with a band of Tuaregs in the desert is just one of the many thrills in next week's instalment.

McCann is Missing

café *Lapin Blanc*, chatting with one of the dancing girls with whom I had got friendly during my stay in Ghardaia, when an Arab came up to the table, began talking to the dancing girl and invited her to join him at another table.

She refused, and the Arab caught her by the arm and tried to drag her from her seat. The next moment I had sprung to my feet and hit him on the jaw, stretching him on the ground.

At once the place was in an uproar. Knives came out, tables were overturned as the Arabs sprang to their feet and came towards me, and the situation looked ugly.

"Quick! Follow me!" whispered the girl, and darted across towards the door that led into an inner room.

Though she had no idea of the particular work on which I was engaged, she knew that I was an agent of some sort in the service of France, so I did not hesitate to tell her that I was trying to find my friend who had disappeared.

She had met McCann a good many times in my company during our visits to Ghardaia, and, like most girls when they came into contact with McCann, had rather lost her head about him.

Girl's story

"Ah! the beeg American, eh?" she said. "The one you bring here with you?"

"Have you seen him?" I asked. "Do you know where he is?"

She went to the door, opened it, satisfied herself that no one was listening outside, and returned to her seat beside me on the couch.

"Two nights ago I see him," she said. "He was talking with a white man. His name is Laviger. Once before I see him here."

"Who is he? Do you know anything about him?"

She pursed her lips demurely. "He is bad man. He is *cafetane*. I do not like him. I hear him say that he go to Derim. I think he take the beeg American with him."

I waited to hear no more. Slipping out by a side door of the café, I hurried to the *Bureau Arabe* and reported what the girl had told me, hoping that the *Bureau* would instruct me to proceed at once to Derim in search of McCann. The *Bureau*, however, seemed hardly as anxious about McCann's safety as I was.

They informed me that Ducane was expected at Ghardaia for an important conference with several of the heads of the *Bureau*, and that I was to take no further action in the matter until he arrived.

It was an enormous relief to me when, the following morning, Ducane arrived by plane. As soon as I heard of his arrival I hurried to the barracks to tell him of McCann's meeting with Laviger and of the dancing girl's statement that he had probably gone with him to Derim.

Ducane smiled. "I wouldn't worry too much about McCann, if I were you, Barrington," he said. "I'd trust him to get himself out of any mess as surely as I'd trust him to get himself into one. He's one of those men who can't get killed.

"Otherwise he'd have been killed a dozen times before this. If he's with Laviger, he's well on the right track. Laviger is one of the big men in the white slave business, and if he's going to Derim, then so are we.

"I'll arrange for the plane at once. With any luck we should get to Derim before Laviger and his crowd."

It was sunset when we landed at Derim. Ducane ordered me to get into Arab costume at once and make for the cafés. He suggested that I should try to make contact with a certain El Sakh, an Arab agent of *L'Espionnage Central*, whom he described to me carefully.

He was usually to be found, he said, at the café *Lapin Blanc*, and if I could get into touch with him it was more than likely that he would be able to give me some news of McCann and the slavers.

I changed into Arab costume and made my way to the *Lapin Blanc*. My luck was in. The place was very nearly deserted, but seated at a table in the corner I saw a tall, bearded Arab whose appearance tallied fairly accurately with Ducane's description of El Sakh. I shuffled across to the table, seated myself at it and called to the Arab waiter to bring me a drink.

For some minutes the Arab opposite to me was silent, eyeing me keenly from time to time; and then he leaned towards me across the table.

"If my brother wishes to see something of importance," he whispered, "let him finish his wine and then follow me outside."

I gave the slightest little nod, and a few moments later El Sakh, having finished his drink, got up from the table and strolled from the café. I remained where I was for a while, smoking and drinking my wine, and then followed him. I found him lounging outside the café, and went up to him.

"It is at the back of the café," he said. "Come with me."

We went through a door behind the café and entered a small yard. In one corner of the yard was a shed, used for the storage of old packing-cases, and El Sakh, signing to me to follow, opened the door and went in.

Moving aside some of the cases, El Sakh laid bare a trap-door, pulled it open and invited me to go down the steep flight of stone steps beneath it.

But the prospect of descending those narrow steps with darkness in front of me and an Arab with a knife behind me was not an attractive one, and I shook my head.

"Go first, El Sakh," I said. "I will follow you."

He gave a shrug and without the slightest hesitation went down the steps, and I went after him. It was pitch dark at the foot of the steps, and by the time I had reached the last step El Sakh had disappeared in the darkness. I hesitated, and then came El Sakh's voice:

"This way—straight ahead."

Murdered

I was about to move on in the direction from which his voice had come when I heard a guttural gasp and the sound of a falling body, and the next instant I had pulled out my electric torch and switched it on.

El Sakh was lying face downwards on the ground, and between his shoulder-blades was the handle of a knife. Standing over him was a tall Arab, and as the beam of the torch shone out, he suddenly stooped, grasped the knife, jerked it out of El Sakh's back and turned towards me.

Instantly I sprang at him, aiming a savage blow at his head with the butt end of my Mauser. I missed him and he closed with me. Together we crashed to the ground, my pistol and flash lamp were knocked out of my hands, and we rolled over and over in the darkness.

Summoning all my strength, I made a tremendous effort to force his arm back, and then I suddenly relaxed, twisting my body quickly to the right as I did so.

He rolled over with a groan, and the next moment I had wrenched his knife from his hand and driven it into his body.

I went over to El Sakh, who still lay face downwards where he had fallen, turned him over and propped him against the wall. He was breathing in short, sharp gasps and I could see that he would not last many minutes.

"Try to tell me, El Sakh," I said. "What was it that you wanted to show me?"

The raid

Several times he tried to speak, without succeeding in getting the words past his lips; and then, making a tremendous effort:

"The White Tuareg," he said faintly. "Ammunition for the White Tuareg ——"

He suddenly pitched sideways, dead.

With the aid of my torch I made an examination of the cellar and found that it was stacked from floor to roof with cases of ammunition. The White Tuareg, then, was evidently more than a mere legend.

Very cautiously I crept through the trap-door, closed it, replaced the cases which El Sakh had moved, left the shed, crossed the yard, and set off, without catching sight of anyone, to report to Ducane.

I suggested that the place should be raided immediately, before the bodies were discovered. Ducane agreed, and within an hour Ducane and I and a dozen men were making the raid.

It was a complete success. Not a shot was fired, the proprietor of the café and two Arabs who were strangers in Derim were arrested, and the whole stock of ammunition was safely transferred to the barracks. That done, Ducane considered that we had earned a cup of coffee.

"Well, Barrington, we've put one over on the White Tuareg this time," he said. "That was a splendid bit of work, and I hope you're feeling satisfied."

"I'm not, sir," I said. "I haven't found McCann yet."

(To be continued)

Acute Pains in the Back!

SHARP OR NAGGING pains in the small of the back, interrupted sleep, urinary disorders, dizzy attacks, renal dropsy, sciatica and rheumatism make life a burden. Plainly there is urgent need for Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. They give quick, soothing relief and help to wash out the tiny kidney tubes whose filtering action is so vital to your health. Doans Pills will not cure you in 15 minutes, it would be foolish to expect it. Fifty years' record of unique success proves the value of this special kidney prescription, which can be taken with safety by men and women of all ages.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Worn-out by housework?

Nervy and run-down?

YOU NEED A TONIC!

If you feel weak and listless and over-tired at this time of year, it's no wonder. Under modern conditions of living you get below par, you become not *really* well. Weakened by the damp and cold of winter, you seldom get, even in summer, enough sunshine to restore your lost health and vitality.

Avoid artificial "tonics"

What you need is a tonic. But it's no use taking artificial "tonics" that lift you up for a short time and then let you down again. You need something that will really build up your blood and nerve-cells.

Don't worry—there *is* one tonic specially prepared from a famous doctor's prescription to help you at this difficult time of year—and that tonic is Hall's Wine. You can actually feel Hall's Wine pouring new strength into your blood and nerve-cells *within thirty seconds after taking.*

And this good effect is LASTING. You feel better and look better. Your work seems easy, and the whole world looks bright again!

Follow doctors' advice

Do what doctors and nurses everywhere tell their patients to do—take Hall's Wine two or three times a day. Start to-day—you'll notice an amazing difference at once in the way you feel!

Insist on Hall's Wine—no other tonic has exactly the same effect—both *quick* and *lasting.*

HALL'S WINE

The tonic that does you good in thirty seconds

At Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Large bottle, 5/6, Smaller size, 3/3. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

WHEN YOU'RE ON HOLIDAY..

appear at your best and keep comfortable, too.

"Van Heusen" Collars have the unique advantage of combining perfect fit with comfort and smartness. They have other virtues also—they are the ONLY collars in which the fabric is woven in one piece on the curve.

They wear and wear, keeping their immaculate shape and smartness after numerous launderings.

"Van Heusen" Collars are *the* fashion for smart men—they are made in white and smart coloured and striped designs, in white in ½ sizes, coloured ½ sizes. Also see the "Van Heusen" Country Shirt with "Van Heusen" collar attached—coat shirt only 10/6

OF GOOD RETAILERS EVERYWHERE 1/3 each

"VAN HEUSEN"

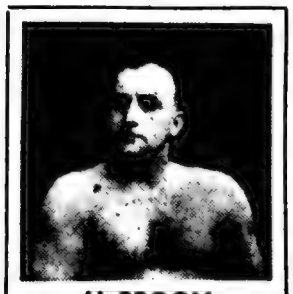
REG'D TRADE MARK

SEMI-STIFF COLLARS

Sole Manufacturers: HARDING, TILTON AND HARTLEY, LTD. KING'S HOUSE, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1.

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE

The Most Successful Course of All Time



H. BROOM

The World's Premier Physical Culture Expert

IT is safe to say that no book issued in connection with Physical Culture has been so much talked about as "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." The first Edition is finished, and I am now able to offer the Second Edition.

This book should be in the hands of every reader of this journal whether desirous of taking the "International" Course or not.

The "International" Course is undoubtedly the Greatest Course of all time. This is not only my own view but the opinion of the Editors of all the Leading Journals, many thousands of pupils, 700 Doctors and 27 Police Forces.

You have had promises of Animal Strength in a few short days, but the "International" Course cannot make you like this—what it can do and what it really does is to give to you a far greater degree of Strength, Muscular development, with Increasing Speed and Suppleness much better and surer than any other method. This is not a promise, it is definitely proved to be so by the collection of the many thousands of letters from pupils who have received these results. The Editor of "Health and Strength" acclaimed this Course to be the Most Successful of all Time, and this opinion alone should be sufficient for you to want to investigate further

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE

Consists of six monthly lessons. Now apparatus is used, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exercises, a new Neck Exerciser ... All-Steel Expander, and a Roller Weight Outfit ....

The Course really does give built in development ... BIG Bulging Muscles and BOUNDLESS Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals ... many pupils have added 6 inches to chest, 3 inches to biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 20 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test ... It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results ever known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting ... This Course includes everything you require to build built in development under a Special Money-Back Guarantee ... The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE.

FREE TO EVERY READER

Special Offer, 30/- or 1/- Weekly

85% OF ALL PUPILS HAVE REPORTED SATISFIED EVEN AFTER THE FIRST MONTH'S LESSON ONLY

TOTAL NUMBER OF TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED TO DATE 27,844

Certified by Accountant's Certificate.

H. BROOM

BROOM HALL

HOLDERNESS RD., HULL

The World's Premier P.C. Expert by Results

POST COUPON NOW

To H. BROOM, Holderness Road, Hull.

Please send me a copy of your Book, "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY," and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE without obligation.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write in Block Letters. J.B.

Bradley's

WALKING ON HOT BRICKS?

If this is how you feel, hurry to your chemist, for hot feet which burn, swell, itch and ache are not only a misery but a danger to general health. You can soon put matters right, and get rid of corns and callouses as well, if you bathe feet daily in NOVOPINE Foot Energiser, compounded of oxygenated salts and herbal extracts. This inexpensive new treatment, evolved by a successful specialist, works wonders, and is a boon to all, especially walkers, tennis players, dancers, and those who use their feet or have to stand about for hours. Full 8-oz. packet, for 18-20 foot baths, costs only 1/- at Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, and other chemists. If difficult to obtain, post free 1/- from: Astropine Ltd., Yeo Street, Bromley-by-Bow, London, E.3.

FOR *BIGGER & BETTER*

CHRYSANTHS AND DAHLIAS

FEED NOW WITH

SANGRAL

THE 10-DAY FERTILISER

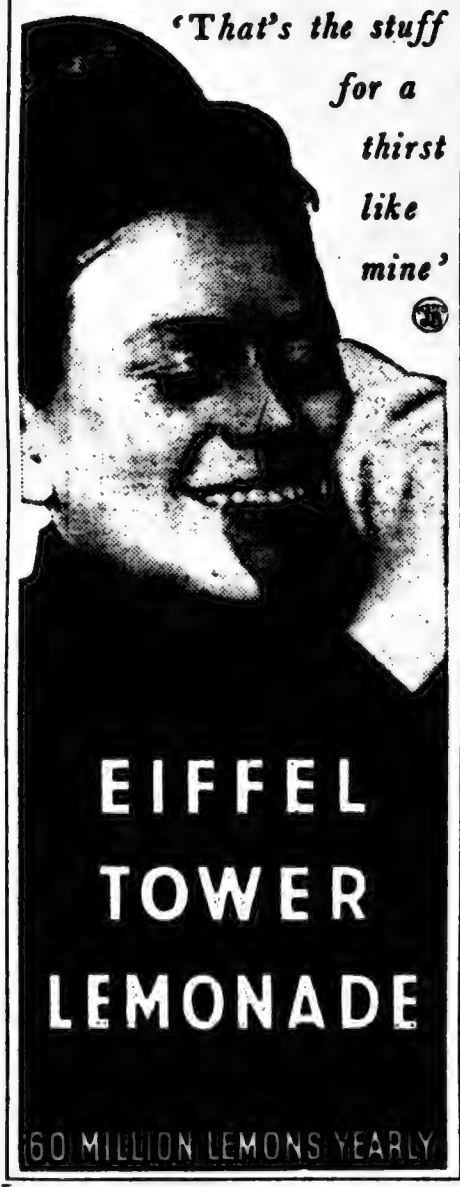
Sold Everywhere 1'6, 3'-, 5'- tins

Water, water... everywhere... but—

You can taste the fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

2D ASSORTED FRUIT PASTILLES (Medium) or FRUIT CLEAR GUMS (Hard)
Also try Rowntree's JUICY-FRUITS (Soft) 6d. ½ lb. in packets, or loose.
In Tubes

Gard J.B.



Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

If the horse you fancy comes in last you need not worry in this topsy-turvy scheme where "losers" are "winners." At least that's the theory. In practice it doesn't always work out

LAST HORSE Wins!

"BOOKIE'S" ASTOUNDING RAMP

A VERY large number of people will save money if they follow the advice which I shall give in the course of this article.

Just lately my post has been inundated with letters from all parts of the country calling attention to a concern which trades under the name of:

The Express Daily Sports Association, 211, Gloucester Terrace, Bayswater, London, W.

How widespread is my correspondence regarding this "association" can be judged when I mention some of the towns from which communications come: Melksham, Wilts; Bath; Colwyn Bay, N. Wales; Newcastle-on-Tyne; Manchester; Swanage; Littlehampton; Accrington; Forest Hall, Northumberland; Treorchy, Chatham; Bristol; and Whitehaven.

Now, the Express Daily Sports Association sends out thousands of circulars inviting the credulous to:

"Win Big Money Backing Losers. The New Sport which is Sweeping the Country. Thousands of Pounds Waiting to be Won."

Further, the circular states that: "Thousands upon thousands of racing sportsmen throughout the country are joining in this great New Sport of skilfully picking out BAD horses instead of trying to find winners. All you have to do is to look at the racing programme in your morning newspaper and pick out horses which you think will LOSE.

"THE huge variety of bets we receive from all parts of the British Isles enables us to offer the grand odds shown on the front page. Have a go and see how exciting it is—and don't forget to pick out BAD horses, and thus look forward to a registered letter on your breakfast table containing a bunch of Treasury Notes."

Odds laid by the Association range from 40 to 1 against selecting five losing horses to 500 to 1 against naming twenty losers.

All the correspondents who write to me have complaints to make. They allege that the Association does not pay out when they win by "picking losers."

Letters sent to the Association are met with different excuses that the rules have not been carried out.

Generally the allegations amount to this: *The Association shows a tendency to default in its promises.*

As it is quite obvious that *all my correspondents* could not have made mistakes, as the Association suggests, I gave instructions for certain enquiries to be made.

Outwardly the proprietor of the Express Daily Sports Association is a person calling himself F. Smith. But the real controlling figure in the business is a rogue by the name of Harold Johnson.

In reference to this Johnson I have been supplied with an accumulation of detail reflecting to his discredit. He has been mixed up in an assortment of unsavoury ventures.

I find that this same Harold Johnson was the managing director of the notorious National Turf Credit Federation, of 2, Little Sussex Place.

This Federation claimed to be "The Pioneers of National Facilities for Credit Betting," and also "London's Most Famous Society Bookmakers."

Before me is a touting letter, signed by Johnson, in which there is the preposterous assertion that "The National Turf Credit Federation is the most exclusive body executing turf commissions in Great Britain, and numbers among its regular clientele many famous society people."

Unfortunately for its future, the Federation gained a reputation for not settling with customers. Warnings against the Federation were issued in these columns, and in the end the Federation faded away.

It must not be thought that Johnson has confined his activities to sporting propositions. He played a main part in the Hyde Park Press, Ltd., "Founders of the Great National Employment Association."

HERE was a different kind of flat-catching scheme. The company embarked on a programme of engaging representatives in all parts of the country to canvass for orders.

Such representatives were promised a salary of at least £4 a week; providing—and here was the catch—they parted with a guinea fee, which was supposed to cover the cost of stationery they were instructed to sell.

At yet another stage I find Johnson appeared as J. Gower-Cavendish, "banking and finance expert," of Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square.

The literature he distributed then through the post was amazing.

I quote from one of his letters: "The enclosed is of extreme importance to you, because it is as good as a sudden message saying that a relative has left you a substantial weekly income for life."

That "gift" from Johnson, otherwise "J. Gower-Cavendish," was an infallible racing system by which the bookmakers could be undone!

Read what Johnson declared he would divide with his supporters:

"I shall only share it (the system) on the stringent conditions as follows:

"That you give a solemn undertaking not to disclose the facts to any other person.

"That you declare you are not connected in any way directly or indirectly with any bookmaking business.

"That you undertake to remit to me each week 10 per cent. of your winnings—in other words, £10 out of every £100 you win.

"Pay the charge of £2 for the system. . . ."

Was there ever more arrant nonsense?

DELVING still more deeply into Johnson's career, I see that he was fined at Bath the sum of £30 and £1 10s. 6d. costs for sending circulars concerning horse-racing *to a boy aged eleven.*

Part of the "defence" was that his clients were obtained from agents who supplied lists at the rate of 10,000 names for £1!

Harold Johnson appeared in the Bath Police Court trading as "Dennis James McCully," of the Imperial Investment Corporation, Edgware Road, London, W., and also as "J. Gower-Cavendish," of St. Alban's Mews, Edgware Road.

After presenting all these aspects of the history of Harold Johnson, I return to the Express Daily Sports Association, the last of his "achievements."

My advice to readers is to have nothing whatever to do with the Association, or any other project he may sponsor.

Greatest of These

Rough Luck

Bridget

TEN-YEAR-OLD Bridget is suffering from the after-effects of meningitis. She should be receiving every care and attention, which her parents find it hard to supply under their present conditions.

Her father, who served in the war for four years, has seven children. The eldest, aged fifteen, is in domestic service, and the remaining six, the youngest of whom is under two years old, and their delicate mother are at present in one room, their father living out.

The parish minister, who has known Bridget's father for about fifteen years, states: "I have always found him to be a straight fellow, a good citizen, and a good workman when work could be had. If you can see your way to assist him in his present difficulties, you will be doing a decent man a good turn."

Donations earmarked "Bridget" or intended for the general fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a current copy will be sent on application.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

has extra cream

we must have
SELO *films*

"Travel certainly broadens one's views," said the Box Camera. "Yes," replied the Miniature Camera, "just as Selo films *improve* one's views. I've finished with inferior films—now I've got Selo I'll show you I've the right stuff in me! As you know, Selo and Selochrome are British made and the chemists at Ilford Limited have given them both speed *and* latitude which makes all the difference to the quality of our pictures. Selo Films make light of the darkest outlook."

SELO — *1/- for eight* (3¼ × 2¼)

SELOCHROME — *extra fast 1/2*

Saves Teeth

In the short time Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste for teeth and gums has been on sale thousands of sufferers from gingivitis and pyorrhoea have had their mouths restored to health—many, indeed, would have lost their teeth without it.

Read this letter—typical of hundreds received from Dentists:—

"Thank you for your letter re Gibbs 'S.R.' I have used it since it was first introduced, and have several patients whom I feel sure would be toothless had it not been for this preparation." **(Ref.D.25.)**

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste contains the actual substance used by Dentists all over the world for gum disorders.

Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste is a great help to the Dentist in his work, because it destroys the bacteria that cause pyorrhoea and other gum troubles—renders harmless the poisons they produce and stimulates the resistance of the tissues to attack.

Start using Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste NOW! You will see an amazing improvement in a very few days. Not only is it ideal for the gums, Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste is also exceptionally fine for the teeth; stubborn stains disappear and the teeth become surprisingly white without damage to the enamel.

Ask Your Dentist!

Gibbs "S.R."
TOOTH PASTE
FOR TEETH & GUMS
Price 1/3 per large tube. From all Chemists.
GR13

for **WOMEN** *a woman designed this*
DUNLOP CYCLE SADDLE

"Petronella" of C.T.C. Gazette fame laid down the lines of it from her experience of the woman cyclist's needs. Like all DUNLOP Saddles it is made of a new pliant, waterproof material which can never lose shape, nor absorb moisture. It is easy, smooth and comfortable from the start, and it will easily last a cycle's life.

FOR YOUR OWN COMFORT CHOOSE

DUNLOP

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. *Branches throughout the World*
C.F.H.
6H/713

DRY HAIR or **GREASY?**

52% of men have **DRY** Hair
48% have **GREASY** Hair

Choose a fixative *specially made to suit YOUR type of hair.* **Anzora Viola** is for dry hair and **Anzora Cream** for greasy hair. Use that which applies to you and you'll find your hair looking neater and your scalp feeling healthier. In bottles 9d., 1/3 & 2/3.

ANZORA BRILLIANTINE for glossiness, in 1/- Bottles.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES

THE GOLD MEDAL HAIR CREAM
ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR
ANZORA PERFUMERY Co. Ltd., LONDON, N.W.6

DID YOU SAY
SANDWICHES!

You will be pleasantly surprised at the lovely sandwiches you can make with HOVIS. Take a few on your next holiday outing.

Had your **HOVIS** *today?*

THERE IS
STRENGTH IN EVERY SLICE

Best Bakers Bake it

Mccclesfie'd
H.109C.

Ready for a HEARTY MEAL

Libby's Cooked Corned Beef is ready cooked and easily served. It enables you to prepare an appetising, nourishing and sustaining meal at the shortest notice.

Your Family will enjoy it

Libby's
COOKED CORNED BEEF

THE NAME *Libby's* IS YOUR GUARANTEE

L.66-864

I LOST 100 *Lives*

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be Strictly Anonymous.

I AM an old man. I have lived my life. Nothing matters very much now. All I want is to be left in peace in the small mining town in County Durham where I must finish my days. But I have no peace. My conscience gives me no peace. . . .

They like me in this little mining town. They like me because once I was a miner. They know I am a survivor of one of the most horrible mining disasters that ever happened in Canada.

They do not know that I am trying to forget something: trying to forget the five minutes I lived through thirty years ago in the bottom drift of a damp Nova Scotia coalmine. I have lived those few minutes more than once . . . when they brought the bodies to the surface a month later . . . when the coroner's jury exonerated me. . . .

I was a young man then. I had just been married, following my promotion to foreman of the day-crew in the bottom drift of the mine.

There were nearly a hundred men in my crew. We worked almost four thousand feet below the earth's surface. The drift ran north from the mainshaft of the mine for a mile or more. The far end of the drift, where the men were drilling, was under the sea—a humid, damp, dark section of the tunnel.

The men descended by the mainshaft and then were taken in trucks running along the floor of the drift. It took them some fifteen minutes to reach the end of the drift, where the tunnel branched out into five smaller drifts made by drills.

As a foreman my place was near the drilling tunnels. I watched the men at work and gave them directions in which to drill, being careful not to weaken any one part of the tunnel. I was very careful about this. I never allowed the men to drill too fast, to loosen too much coal before the ceiling of the drift had been propped up with timbers.

There were nearly a hundred men down that mine—and I sacrificed every life to save my own

SO the output of my crew did not maintain the same high average as the output of other crews, where they did not take the same precautions as I did. As a result of this, the general manager called me into his office one day and said:

"You'll have to get a move on with your men. Your output is way below average."

I explained to him that about twenty of my men were always busy with timbers, propping up parts of the tunnel that seemed weak to me.

"You'll have to stop that and put them on drilling," the general manager said. "If you can't do that, I'll get a foreman who can."

Next day I went down and told off my men to leave the timbering alone. Some looked surprised. One said: "It's not safe! We're working right under the sea here, and the water's not too far away, either. If the ceiling ever gives in, we're finished."

Within two days my output of coal was as high per man as any other foreman's shift.

But I was afraid. In many places the ceiling leaked. Sometimes water trickled along the floor of the drift. And once or twice lumps fell.

As time went on, the bottom drift became the wettest, dampest of all. Pumps were going day and night at the mine-head to keep the floor clear of water. But always there was a trickle—a trickle that grew larger and faster.

One day as I was riding the trucks loaded with coal towards the mainshaft I noticed a bad crack in the ceiling.

I spoke to the general manager about it. He said: "If you take men away from the drills to prop up the ceiling you'll get behind with your quota of coal. You've done well for a while. A little longer and you'll earn your bonus."

The bonus! That was what I was trying for. Every foreman was paid a bonus if his crew produced a certain quota of coal in a certain period. I wanted that bonus, what with the child my wife told me was on the way.

One day I noticed that lumps were falling from near the crack. It was widening all the time. But the bonus was just a few days away. I did nothing. I did not warn the men.

As the trucks rumbled under the crack the vibration must have loosened some earth. Great lumps of it fell on the trucks. Then just as I got beyond the crack there was a thundering, rumbling noise. A mass of earth fell on the steel tracks behind the last truck.

I stopped the trucks. I climbed out and rushed towards the mass of stones, earth, and mud that was lying across the tunnel. But it was still possible to get through—to crawl between the caved-in earth and the side of the tunnel.

I started. I dropped on my hands and knees and squirmed. More earth kept falling.

I was almost through: almost through to warn one hundred men that in a few minutes their escape would be cut off; that in less time than it takes to tell it the water from the sea above would come pouring in, drowning every man.

I WAS nearly there—and then I thought of my wife, and the baby that was to come. The earth was still falling in great lumps, and each lump was wetter with salty water.

The sea! Thousands of tons of brine! It would take me almost ten minutes to get to the men. Then another ten minutes back—and after that the wild scramble for the mainshaft—the waiting for your turn at the lifts.

Suppose I did not go? Suppose I did not warn the men? In five minutes I would be at the mainshaft, ringing for the lift. And then safety . . . then my wife and the child that was to come.

I scrambled out from under the earth. I started up the trucks and made for the mainshaft. The lift was waiting for the last load of coal. As I drove up the trucks I saw that the floor of the tunnel was under water. I stopped the trucks. In the silence I heard gurgling.

There was not a chance in the world to save those men later. Their bodies were brought up after a month's work. But I was exonerated. There was no one to give evidence against me.

ONLY the general manager and I gave evidence.

No one knows of this: no one, that is, except a few wives, mothers and sisters of the drowned men. They once called me a murderer.

But I cannot forget it. I have no peace. For thirty years I have tried to wipe out the memory of those five minutes. And now it is too late. There are not many years left for me to live.

I want to clear my conscience.

DESTROY Fleas!

Dead fleas don't bite. Sprinkle Keatings wherever there are fleas—and sleep in peace—but it must be Keatings. Cartons: 2d., 6d. and 1/-. Powder flask 1/-.

KEATING'S KILLS
BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc., even Bugs
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

NURSE G. WHEEWALL. AGE 48.
1, Rose Cottages, John Street, New Basford, Notts, who also says:

"I would not be without Birley's Antacid Powder in the house. It's wonderful. I have recommended it everywhere."

Nurse Wheewall also reported the following symptoms:—Tongue—thick, yellow coating, sallow complexion, eyes tired and heavy, all of which has now completely disappeared.

NURSE SUFFERED 5 YEARS
INTENSE PAIN IN PIT OF STOMACH
"NERVES" AND PAINS IN HEAD NEARLY DROVE HER MAD

Dear Sirs,—For five years I endured terrible pain in the pit of the stomach. My Doctor said he had given me everything from his surgery he could think of. I had to see a specialist who decided an operation was necessary, so I had the gall-bag removed.

Progress, however, was so slow that life was a burden—just one long weakness. I could not sleep and felt worn out. I could keep nothing down. Three years ago a relation, knowing I was so bad, sent me a tin of your famous Powder. I began to eat and keep food down after the second dose, and the terrible stomach and head pains ceased almost at once. I now eat anything without the least distress. Birley's Antacid Powder is WONDERFUL and has been a god-send to me. I was unable to continue my duties as a nurse for years until of late.

One of my patients had lung trouble—with acute hæmorrhage and dreadful sick bouts—could not keep even water down. After her second dose of Birley's she began to improve and wasn't like the same woman.

That was just 12 months ago, and now she comes down stairs for the day, eats just anything, enjoys her food *and keeps improving*. Other patients of mine have had the same benefit.

You are at liberty to publish all this as IT'S THE TRUTH.

ACUTE PAIN
AFTER EATING AND
DURING NIGHT
BILIOUS NAUSEA, HEARTBURN, WINDY SPASMS.

Surgeon decided at last minute not to operate, but advised Birley's Antacid Powder instead

Dear Sirs,—For 10 years I suffered agonies from gastric troubles and never had any ease.

Last summer I had been off work for four months and my Doctor had me X-rayed. I was then instructed to go into hospital for an operation. They had me ready for the table when the specialist came up and said, "I don't think we will operate. I want you to try some powder instead." I told him I had tried almost every powder on the market, but he said, "*Have you tried Birley's Antacid Powder?*" I said "No, not that one!" He then said, "Give that a trial. If you don't improve come back and see me again."

I left the hospital the same day and at once went to a chemist and got a tin of Birley's Antacid Powder. I got instant relief from the first dose, and now after two months I can eat anything, even red-hot pastry right out of the oven. I haven't had an ache or a pain since, and my bowels are always regular. Everybody remarks on how fit I look, *and I feel fit.*

I have recommended Birley's to all my workmates, as so many suffer from gastric troubles caused by sitting so long at the wheel, hasty meals and the strain of driving all day and every day.

I now take a dose every night and morning, after supper and breakfast, and I keep as fit and as well as can be.

Mr. ALFRED HAYES. Age 37. Bus Driver.
25, Willman Road, Barton Grange, Barnsley, Yorks, who also says:

"I am very grateful for your powder, as it saved me from an operation."

Mr. Hayes also reported the following symptoms:—Coated Tongue, Poor Appetite, Nervous, skin yellow and pasty looking, all of which have completely disappeared.

EXACT SIZE OF 9d. TIN

The 9d. Tin is put up for FREE Trial only and is NOT for Sale.

A TRUE RAPID-ACTION REMEDY FOR
INDIGESTION

ACID STOMACH BILIOUSNESS
HEARTBURN GASTRITIS
FLATULENCE PALPITATION

Advanced research work has evolved this new stomach remedy. It is better, surer and quicker in action than anything medical science has ever before been able to offer to sufferers.

RELIEF FOR YOUR STOMACH TROUBLES—
it costs you only ½d. stamp to try this great new preparation:

Are you suffering from Indigestion or its kindred ailments? Here's the relief you want—relief that's *certain—instantaneous*—in which we have such confidence that we offer to GIVE you your first supply. You'll find that Birley's Antacid Powder clears Acidity from the whole 30 feet of foodway of both Stomach and Intestines and from the blood-stream and muscular system. It is the one Antacid that can be taken REGULARLY, for it is entirely free from cell-clogging ingredients, which cling to the linings of the stomach and intestines and choke the millions of gland-ducts through which flow the all-important DIGESTIVE JUICES.

Birley's non-clogging prescription by its cleansing, purifying and soothing action creates and maintains a healthy, unobstructed flow of juices from every single duct of the digestive organs. Birley's enables you to eat what you like without fear of pain afterwards, and is tasteless, odourless and harmless. It is absolutely safe to take at all ages and at all times.

Cut the coupon out now and post immediately. We will pay the postage on the FREE 9d. tin. AND you'll be amazed at the wonderful relief which even a single dose will give you.

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW!

To BIRLEY'S ANTACID LTD., No. 73
16-18, Northdown St., King's Cross, London, N.1

I have not previously tried Birley's Antacid Powder, so send me FREE 9d. Tin Post Paid

Signature.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

.....

.....

Use unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp. Enclose nothing else or postage will be more. *Please write clearly*

SOLD ONLY IN TINS.
1/3, 3/-, 5/-
OF ALL CHEMISTS, including All Branches of BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES.

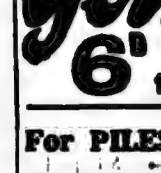
BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

A Martyr to Indigestion FOR 14 YEARS

14 years of suffering ended in a day. That's the wonderful story of the writer of the following letter. Read what he thinks of the powers of Digestif Rennie Pastilles, the astonishing new remedy, which has finally conquered indigestion.

'As a manufacturing chemist, I congratulate you on the excellent formula of Digestif Rennie. I have been a martyr to Indigestion and Dyspepsia for the last 14 years—and Digestif Rennie is the only specific that has afforded me the slightest relief. Moreover, the continuity of its efficacy surpasses belief.'
D. E. N., London.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised indigestion *simply cannot start*. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're handy: each one is individually wrapped in waxed paper. **Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own Chemist. Trial Size 6d., Family Size 1/9.**



To Open just pull Twist.

YOU SUCK IT LIKE A SWEET

SUNBURN

If YOUR skin is 'on fire' with Sunburn — if it's agony to move—if the touch of your clothes hurts you—if the terrible itching and burning keeps you awake at night, get relief with 'GERMOLENE.' 'Germolene' is the magic skin healer. With its first touch on your skin it seems to draw out the burning fire—cool you and *soothe* you. Instead of dry, burning 'cracks' on your skin—you quickly gain a clear, healthy smoothness. Use it *before* you sunbathe and then enjoy the pleasure of that healthy pastime without paying the cost!

GREAT OFFER!

PROVE the Power of Germolene. Get a 1/3 Tin. Use it ALL! If you are not delighted with the result, return the empty outside carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be REFUNDED.

ECZEMA, BAD LEG, PSORIASIS, ACNE, PIMPLES, BOILS, CUTS, RASH, SORES, WOUNDS, INSECT BITES, SUNBURN

Healed by

Germolene

6D *Brand* ASEPTIC OINTMENT

1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin, Tubes 4/6

For PILES Use GERMOLOIDS *Brand*
(1/3 per box.)

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

The HALF-TIME WIFE

Is her home a full time job—or has she time for her shop, too? Philip Inman solves her problem

probed by PHILIP INMAN

MARRIED life sometimes develops into a clash between rival interests. Alternative claims have to be settled as in the case of three women whose stories I will relate. In the first it is the vexed question as to whether a wife should continue her work after marriage.

Before my wedding (says this correspondent) I had a splendid dressmaking business and I am still carrying on with it. My husband hates the idea and makes my life a misery because of it. He has a good position and can and does give me every comfort.

But that is not the point. I do not keep on my business for the sake of the money, although it pays quite well. Nor do I do any of the work myself, except the designing, as I have a staff of girls. I do it because it seems a vital part of my make-up to use the gift which I undoubtedly possess—namely, to design and supervise the making of beautiful clothes.

I have no children and I do not neglect the home in any way, as I have a capable maid and I always try to be at home in time to greet my husband when he arrives. The friction is getting on my nerves, though I feel that to give up the business and stay in the house all day would be impossible to me. Would you tell me what to do?"

At the recent annual conference of a local government body, one delegate—a woman—said, "With the married woman it must be either her career or her home. No woman can serve two masters."

Many of my readers will challenge that statement. Like all generalities, it is too sweeping. There are cases where the young couple would have to postpone their wedding for years if the girl were not willing to continue her work until the home had become established.

But it is essential that both husband and wife should agree to such an arrangement. In the case of my correspondent that is not so. Her husband hates the idea. And her life is becoming a misery because of the friction between them. What is more—there is no need for her to continue her business. She is the wife of a man who is in a good position and who can and does give her every comfort.

"Would you tell me what to do?" she asks. Yes—give up the business and concentrate on the home. The designing of beautiful clothes is no doubt attractive to her. The making of a beautiful and happy home should be equally attractive.

Let her remember that a housekeeper or a maid can run a house, but it needs a wife to run a home. There is no reason why she should not devote any time she has to spare to this work in which she is specially interested. But it should be done as a hobby and not a business.

MY next problem is also from a married woman, but this time her difficulty is to choose between her husband and her children. This is her letter:—

I am the mother of five girls and two boys and I have a good husband. He is in regular work and with three of the family earning we manage very well. But we are not so happy as we were before the family grew up.

We share a home with my mother-in-law, who is well over eighty. She is in good health, but does not look at things in the same way as the girls of to-day. She is continually saying to my daughters, "When I was a young girl we did not do such things as go without hats, wear short sleeves or ride bicycles." And the girls, of course, resent this attitude and want us to go and live somewhere else. But my husband says he will not leave his mother at her age and so there is unpleasantness between him and our three eldest daughters.

If we do not move, the girls will leave home, and I cannot bear the thought of that. And if I go with them I should lose a good man and the three younger children at home. Please advise me what to do.

It is never easy to bridge the gulf between old age and youth. Some people as they advance in years become selfish and domineering. They dislike to feel that they are being left behind and they make a last effort to exert authority over those around them.

The "faults" this woman ascribes to those girls are petty in the extreme and I can understand how they feel about it.

My correspondent is the one to act as peacemaker. First of all she should put the grandmother's case to her daughters. Let them be reminded that they will grow old one day and they ought not to be unduly hard on one who cannot expect to live many more years. In later life they would not like to recall that they had been the cause of her spending her closing days in loneliness and sorrow.

As to that old lady's criticisms, let them be treated with pleasant indifference. A smile is mightier than a frown. My correspondent should point out tactfully to her mother-in-law that times have changed and her girls do not want to appear old fashioned. "You are entitled to your opinions," she can say, "but you must allow others to have theirs."

After all, if the mother does not object to the ways of her girls, it is not the grandmother's place to do so. If my correspondent can secure a peaceful settlement of this trouble the family circle will be kept intact. That would be a fitting reward for her efforts.

And here is a wife who has to choose between her husband and her sister. It is the husband who sends me this letter:

I am thirty-five years old, my wife is twenty-eight and we have been married five years. About a year after our marriage I was taken ill and an immediate operation was found to be necessary. From then until now I have suffered greatly and I am still far from fit to work. My employers always paid my salary during my illness until last year, when they retired from business and, of course, this meant that I was out of a job.

I am at present in hospital and due for discharge. My wife is faced with the fact that she cannot continue to keep things going on my sick benefit and she cannot obtain any employment as she has never been in business. Her sister has promised her 30s. a week on the condition that she does not correspond, come and visit me, or live with me until I can obtain a situation and afford to keep her in the same luxury to which she had previously been accustomed.

I feel that because I am a sick man I am not wanted. With this sister holding the money over my wife's head she has no alternative but to accept the offer, and I am helpless. I have no people to whom I can turn for assistance.

I can't imagine any wife accepting comfort and security for herself when it means leaving her husband in the lurch. Even though it may lead to hardship and even poverty, she should stand by her man as she promised to do at her marriage. If he had been a scoundrel it might have been different. But he can't help his ill-health—it is his misfortune. I think that sister-in-law is greatly to blame in making such a harsh and arbitrary proposal.

IF his wife is so lacking in thought and consideration as to agree to these terms I am afraid that little can be done. An "action for enticement" might be instituted, but the cost is heavy and the result uncertain. What is more, the worry of it all might have a bad effect upon the husband's health and retard his recovery.

I hope that his wife will refuse this offer. If not, then my correspondent should do everything possible to regain his strength so that he can start his work again. Then he will be in a strong position to counteract the influence of that inconsiderate sister-in-law. And if he still loves his wife there will come the opportunity to build up a new home.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 3½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Ladies' or Men's with Accessories. Cash Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogues Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5/2 now

Before Going Away . .

Pack up your troubles . . . but don't take them on holiday with you!

Secure for yourself and your family JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift—and Smile!

Registered readers and their families will continue to be covered by JOHN BULL'S unsurpassed Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, Channel Islands or the Isle of Man.

All that you are asked to do before leaving is to instruct your newsagent to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on your return.

It will of course, be necessary—in the event of an application for benefit arising—for you to show that you purchased JOHN BULL while away.

If you have not yet registered, fill in the forms on page 2 at once.

SCRAP that soap and brush!

THROW away your soap and shaving brush! Join the millions of modern men who shave in half the time—and at half the expense—by using Shavex Cream—the cream that needs no brush! Just damp the beard—smear on a little Shavex—and in two minutes you'll have had the finest, cleanest, closest shave you've had for months. Shavex contains Almond Oil—a fine skin food for the face. Regular use will keep your skin free from wrinkles and blemishes. Change to Shavex NOW!

PERFECT SHAVES IN 2 MINUTES.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

Obtainable from all Hairdressers and Stores.

6d., 1/- & 1/6 in Tubes

Pots 1/6

NO SOAP-NO BRUSH
Your Face will feel like satin.

Shavex

FREE SAMPLE

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. Stamp to the

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. R11), 40, BLENHEIM ROAD, UPPER HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.19.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, but restores the natural oils; it makes and keeps the skin really beautiful, and is a perfect base for powder. It keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

AT THE CASINO

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naida. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the world. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.

BARBARA: Oh, darling! Do tell me what it is.

SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses anything else for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.

BARBARA: That's wonderful, I shall not rest until I have got some.

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. De 6.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

BETS BY POST

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-;
£1; £2; £5; £10
UP TO ANY AMOUNT ACCEPTED
in accordance with rules

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
FULL STARTING PRICE
or Totalisator Returns as desired

ALL POSTAGE PAID
WINNINGS BY RETURN

THE SPORTSMAN'S
COMPLETE SERVICE
Racing and Greyhounds.

Please send particulars of your Service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....
J.B 25 7 36
Address .....
Town .....
County .....

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE Ltd
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

THIS WAY FOR
BETTER SMOKES

Why put up with ordinary cigarettes? *Better* smokes are so easy to make. Get a packet of A.G. and some tobacco—and prove it. Notice how much more enjoyable your cigarettes are, how much cooler. That's because of the A.G. quality—much better in every way; no chemicals nor paper-taste in A.G. to cause harshness or hide the *real* tobacco flavour. And the new automatic packet is really automatic. There are good reasons for insisting on A.G.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS
Now packed in 2 styles

THE NEW
AUTOMATIC PACK
COSTS NO MORE

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Moulded Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, celluloid handle, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake, coil springs, mudguards. Price, Carriage Paid 5/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams, Folding Carts, Free.

5/- NOW

Body 30in long

J. C. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

My GREAT ADVENTURE

A "TENDERFOOT" in Africa, I made the mistake of trying to look "tough," and was challenged to mount an ostrich.

I did, and it ran away at nearly 60 miles an hour. Anyhow, they must be almost as fast as that.

Sheer funk made me hang on grimly. Thrilled? Why, after five miles of it, I nearly wept.

But my challengers didn't know that. When I was safely back they voted me really "tough." — *Bouncer, Southampton.*

"Line Engaged"

For nine hours—from 7 one night until 4 the next morning—I ran round my Essex village ensuring that the one telephone line to Chelmsford was kept engaged by subscribers.

Thus I made sure that Major ——, an irascible pre-war Army officer, did not keep his threat of ringing up the police and notifying, as he threatened to do, that a young soldier due to go East next day was spending a few hours with his widowed mother.

The soldier rejoined his unit and cheerfully paid the penalty for his few hours' absence.—*H. G., Middlesex.*

Great Moment

As a miner's daughter, I live in a village where time seems to stand still. But I happened to be in London when our late beloved King passed away.

I was privileged to be one of the vast multitudes that passed reverently by the bier. In the eerie stillness of the Great Hall, as Big Ben chimed six dolefully, the Royal mourners came in, and the spectators filed away to leave them with their own.

It was a great and moving experience even for a Londoner. You can imagine how it was regarded when I described it at home.—*Miss C. L., Durham.*

The Crime

Returning from a remote Wiltshire village last December, I was amazed to hear angry voices. Darkness prevented me from seeing the parties, but the quarrel was violent and I was glad of the friendly light from a cottage near.

But as I advanced towards the house the situation seemed to get worse. There was an anguished cry of "Murder!" and a low moan from the cottage itself.

I ran to the door and beat a tattoo—to the surprise of a smallholder and his wife who resented such a noisy disturbance of the wireless play to which they were listening.—*L. T., Swindon.*

Night Rider

Not much adventure, you would think, in a motor-bicycle ride through a wet night. But consider.

Too late to write or wire, I heard in London that my parents were to apply next morning in South Wales for poor law relief—the thing they dreaded most. And I had just got a job that would keep all of us.

They mustn't apply, I told myself. And so I rode desperately throughout the night—arriving an hour before they set off on a mission they dreaded.—*Ex-Miner, Shoreditch.*

Mountain Thrills

Mist, rain, darkness—and two benighted climbers on the Cuillin Ridge of Skye. We had lost our way, and were trying to get through unknown difficulties.

My friend descended on a rope to a niche 30 ft. below. Now it was my turn! Cautiously lowering myself over a stone mantelpiece, I was horrified to see a crack zig-zagging across it as it took my weight.

Slowly the whole mass slid out. In mid-air we parted company. I gathered myself up uninjured on a ledge 20 ft. below as the rock crashed down and down into the darkness beneath us.—*R. E., Cambuslang.*

Man-eater

Bound for London from Lisbon on a motor-ketch on a blistering day in 1929, I tried to get cool by jumping overboard wearing a lifebuoy attached to a rope.

After ten minutes my companion at the wheel let out a yell, and began hauling me to the stern. Something touched my legs. Instinctively I began to kick and splash.

As I left the water I glanced down to see a shark's white belly flash as it rolled over.—*R. M., London, W.2.*

In Mid-Air

I was working on top of a lofty chimney one sultry day when the mate who was with me began to ramble in his talk. Suddenly he seized me, pinioned my arms and forced me to the edge of the platform, where I looked down into space.

With the feeling that I was doomed I decided to pretend it was all a joke. And it came off. Pat suddenly laughed at something I said and withdrew his grip.

It took us an hour to cajole him down, when we took him to hospital suffering from sunstroke.—*Steeplejack, Hants.*

Rodeo in Reverse!

When the Rodeo was being held at the British Empire Exhibition, Mr. C. B. Cochran invited me to take part in a Derby race for untrained riders, for which the quietest horses were lent.

Fifty thousand people saw me clinging to the neck of my mount and going round the course at breakneck speed—in the wrong direction.

The biggest thrill came when I received the prize. The people who managed to head in the right direction didn't get round at all!—*M. F., Acton.*

Homecoming

Down the line of marching troops I ran like a mad child, to clutch the leg of the biggest, finest and splendidest man in the ranks of the local regiment coming home from the war—the dad I had never met before.

My school was there to watch. That's what made the adventure so wonderful. For some of my pals hadn't believed my story that my father was in India when I was born in 1912, and had been at war ever since.

Some of them had said I had no dad and there he was for them to see.—*J. J., W.1.*

Disaster

I am over seventy, but this adventure of more than fifty years ago is engraved on my memory.

On my honeymoon I was driving through a violent storm from Burntisland to catch the Dundee express. We arrived three minutes late for the train, and slept an awful night in the waiting-room.

Worse still was the morn, when a white-faced official awoke us with the news that the Tay bridge had collapsed, throwing into eternity all the occupants of the express the wild storm had made us miss.—*A. S., Mutley, Plymouth.*

Fired On

I was in America on holiday. While having a motor-boat trip with a boy friend we saw a stationary ship and decided to investigate. Funny!—there was no sign of life aboard.

Then shells began to burst round us, and we knew it was a naval target. A terrific explosion threw us into the water, where I clung to the upturned boat, to be seen by an officer through a telescope and rescued.

My friend was later found—dead.—*American Girl, Bristol.*

Unhurt

As a railwayman, I knew how to cross the lines.

But perhaps indifference made me careless, for one day I wedged my heel at a point—and with the 8.11 train bearing down on me.

Deciding in a second to lose one foot rather than my life, I leaned at a precarious angle. Something flung me. I got up—unhurt. All I had lost was my heel!—*A. G., Sutton, Surrey.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

At Goodwood

NEWMARKET'S second July meeting was a good one for the code selections:

Terror—3 to 1—and Patball—7 to 2—brought off a 17 to 1 double which was followed by Solerina—85 to 40—who romped home by eight lengths, and Private Entree—7 to 2. One selection lost and the other did not run.

The runaway victory of Solerina will tempt many backers to make her their nap for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, but I am going for a long-shot in Hans Sachs. I noted Ted Leader's charge running particularly well in the Royal Hunt Cup, for which he finished fifth. The Goodwood six furlongs is an ideal course for him. Selections at Hurst Park this week-end are: Orangeman and Boozer's Gloom.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, July 23, to Wednesday, July 29.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: CBP95R94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. K95E2U would read SAMMY.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post, Tuesday, July 28.

The Holiday I'd Like Again

Furnishing?
Send For This
FREE CATALOGUE

Drage's offer readers of "John Bull" a 32-page Brochure together with a special book "You and Your Home." Also particulars of their special easy payment terms. Solve your furnishing troubles by filling in the Coupon in Drage's special announcement on p. 23. You can order by post under guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. Send the Coupon NOW!

end Seasickness

End Travel Sickness by sea, road or air. SONGO NEVER FAILS. 1/3 and 3/6. Chemists, or Frost Free Vendre, Ltd., 168, Pitt St., Glasgow.

Get SONGO

THIS STYLISH AND DURABLE

MAC

Sent to you on home approval for

1/- DEPOSIT

W.W. 36. A Broadway Style Lightweight that is just ideal for the holidays. Every seam stuck, sewn and taped throughout. Yoke is lined air-mesh for perfect ventilation, and 24-inch inverted pleat at back allows good stride. Deep useful pockets. Supplied in four neat shades: **Putty, Nigger, Light Bottle or Grey.**

Sizes: SW. 45 ins., W. 44, 48, 50 ins., O.S. 48, 50 ins. (O.S. 2/9 extra).

You will like this Mac for its smartness and the long service it will give you. It can be yours at once for the deposit of 1/- (O.S. 1/6) and the balance may be paid by monthly instalments of 2/- (O.S. 2/6) if preferred. Complete satisfaction or money refunded.

Full Price, 9/6 (O.S. 12/3).

SEND COUPON WITHOUT DELAY.

W.W.36. Please send me, on approval, Model W.W. 36, at present Bargain Price of 9/6 (O.S. 12/3).

Size..... Colour .....

(Please state if O.S. required.)

I enclose 1/- (O.S. 1/6) deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- (O.S. 2/6). If I return the Mac unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit. **Enclose Coupon, with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and P.O. crossed thus / / in ink.**

Overseas full cash only.

John Bull, 25/7/36. No. 709

Post your Order at once to

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd.
709, Ambrose House,
69, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

HOW I ENDED CRUEL CORNS

after years of foot torture.

When I recall the excruciating pain I endured with aching corns and sore painful feet I am thankful beyond words for the foot comfort that is now mine. I could scarcely walk and I hobbled along in agony. This merciless torture led me to try everything I could think of. By bitter experience I learnt that cutting the top off a corn does not get to the root cause—I dreaded blood-poisoning too! Caustic liquids were useless and often burnt the surrounding skin, adding to my plight. Then a chemist friend explained how the business end of a corn is the root—how it pressed on the nerves and how the best and quickest way of getting relief was provided by triple-oxygenated 'Reudel' Salts. He explained how the oxygen released by 'Reudel' carries special corn-loosening salts down to the very roots so that corns stop aching and come right out in your fingers. My experience proved that he was right! You must get this amazing relief from corns and foot-pains; ask your chemist to-day for 'Reudel' Bath Salts (pronounced Roo-del) they cost only 1/6 for a large 10 oz. YELLOW packet. *Do not confuse 'Reudel' Salts with bath preparations which do not and cannot have the same curative action and which contain no oxygen. Ask plainly for 'Reudel' (say Roodel) and see you get the YELLOW package with the words 'TRIPLE-OXYGENATED' printed across the front. Remember—it's the yellow pack gives corns the sack, and your money will be refunded if you are not absolutely satisfied.*

I'M NOT ASHAMED NOW TO GET INTO A BATHING SUIT!
YOU CAN'T BEAT VIKELP TABLETS MINERALS and FOOD IODINE FOR ADDING POUNDS QUICKLY!

THIN PEOPLE!

Gain Extra Lbs. Within Ten Days by Feeding Starved Glands with Pacific Ocean MINERALS and FOOD IODINE

You Must Get These Results, Too, OR MONEY BACK!

1. **Malnutrition corrected!**
2. **Calmer Nerves!**
3. **Healthy Appetite and More Refreshing Sleep!**
4. **Lbs. of Good, Firm Flesh Added!**
5. **Systemic disorders such as goitre, constipation, rheumatism, etc., banished!**
6. **Radiant Health, and Tireless Energy!**

As a result of tests covering thousands of weakened, run-down, nervous people, nutrition experts now claim that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS AND FOOD IODINE that keep people too thin, nervous, tired-out, ailing, and run-down. When these glands—particularly the Thyroid and other tiny hidden glands which control body-weight and strength—lack the 12 essential life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE (not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic), you suffer from malnutrition, and even diets rich in starches and fats fail to add needed pounds. That's why skinny people often have huge appetites yet stay weak and "too thin."

Now, with the introduction of "VIKELP" Health and Body Building Tablets, an Amazing Mineral Concentrate derived from a huge 90 ft. vegetable, harvested off the Pacific coast, you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of these precious substances. 1,300 times richer in iodine than oysters. "VIKELP" Tablets at last put food to work for you. Their 12 essential MINERALS stimulate the digestive glands which alone produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches. 3 "VIKELP" Tablets contain more Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of Spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh Tomatoes; more Iodine than 1,386 lbs. of Lettuce; more Calcium than six eggs. They contain no drugs. Your body is not only rejuvenated but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, rheumatism, goitre and systemic ailments are corrected or disappear entirely.

MAKE THIS TEST

Whatever you have tried before make this test with "VIKELP." First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 "VIKELP" Tablets with each meal for 10 days and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much, better you feel, sleep and eat—watch flattering pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows, and if you don't increase your strength and energy—have freedom from nervousness, and gain extra lbs. in 10 days (8-9 lbs. not uncommon), the trial is free. They cost but little to use. Your own doctor will approve this way. 40 tablets 1/9d., 100 3/6d., 225 6/9d., 675 17/6d. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 3/6d. for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. J.B. 7/4, Health Products Laboratories Ltd., 10, Henrietta Street, London, W.1.

VIKELP

Brand

HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

GET THIS STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

And Amaze Your Friends—Quick Easy Way

Men hate an ugly greasy nose and a shiny skin. Moisture and greasy secretions come from enlarged pores. These mix with your powder and form tiny hard particles which enter the pores, irritate and enlarge them still more—so the vicious circle goes on. Change to Poudre Tokalon *moisture* proof powder at once. Put this powder on your finger, then put your finger into water—take it out and lo! both the powder and your finger are still dry. Poudre Tokalon is blended with mousse of cream. It stays on in spite of rainy weather, bathing in the sea or perspiration while dancing in the hottest ball rooms. The marvellous new shades give the complexion a strikingly beautiful appearance, never before seen. Men are passionately fond of these new shades. They blend with the skin and no one can really tell whether you have used powder or not. Notwithstanding the fact that it costs much more to make these new shades, the price of Poudre Tokalon will for the present remain the same. 6d. and 1s. a box.

Dentist Tells How To Get Rid Of Denture Stains

"For many years," writes a leading Birmingham dentist, "I have been unable to recommend a paste or powder to keep dentures clean. Your sample of Steradent came in time to test for a very black upper denture. I put the denture in sample last night and found to my astonishment that the case was quite clean this morning!" No matter how discoloured, stained, or old your dental plates are, Steradent is guaranteed to make them as clean, fresh and natural-looking as the day you first got them—and keep them that way. Every stain vanishes like magic; even the blackest tobacco stains of years standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Your plates regain their wholesome, flesh-pink colour. Dull, yellow-tinged teeth are made clean, lustrous and attractive. A powerful sterilising agent purifies your plates, removes all slimy mucin film, and leaves a cool, refreshing taste. No brushing. No acids. *Absolutely harmless to all denture materials.* Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money returned. Price 1/-. Double size 1/9, at Boots, Taylors, and all good chemists.

A dirty stained denture plate is an ideal breeding ground for germs.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 1½d. in stamps for trial supply. Steradent Ltd. (Dept. 31.V.), 10/15 Chitty Street, London, W.1.

BILIOUS ATTACKS BANISHED

Mrs. Hallas, 48, Regent Road, Blackpool, writes: "I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from Vitadatio. Before taking your medicine, I never missed a week without a Bilious Attack, and used to feel awful for many a day. There were lots of foods I dare not eat, but now I can eat almost anything without any bad effect. I recommend it to everybody, and shall never be without Vitadatio."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors' Ltd. Chemists and Stores, 3/- & 5/- per bottle (post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles for export only, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

THE TORTURE OF RHEUMATISM

"I think Urace brand tablets are a wonderful remedy. In my own case, which is one of very long standing, they have certainly given me great relief—I mean to go on taking them."—Nurse —— (Cert.), Taunton, Som. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES 6.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid.

Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly. £4.17.6

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. V. of Bethnal Green, writes:—"Received Wireless Set in perfect condition and I must say it is a wonderful Set for the money. My sister heard it, and sent for one the same day, which she has also received and thinks wonderful. My father has got a Wireless Set that he had from you 8 years ago, and it is still in good working order, with the same valves you sent with the Set."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Daltonians or Maigs, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

FREE 9d. tin of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

The makers of Birley's Antacid Powder have such confidence in the efficiency of this excellent remedy for all digestive troubles that they offer every reader a free 9d. trial tin. Turn to p. 31.

WIN A JOHN BULL PENSION FORTUNE and HOLIDAY CASH
£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE
with £400 Cash and £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
OR £150 CASH
Let Crossword take you abroad for your holidays
£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
BONUS AWARD
A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest, for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in the same envelope.
value £2
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award - TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12.

PRESENTED on this page is the twenty-seventh of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

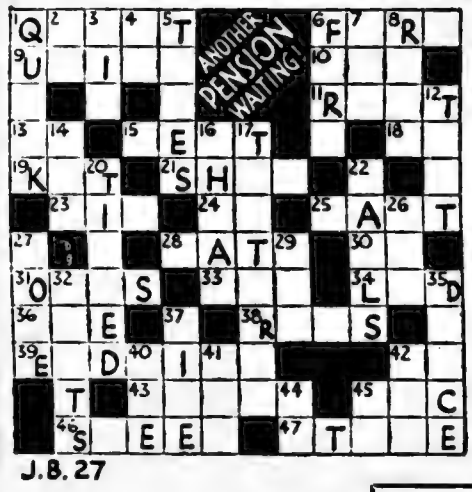
The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

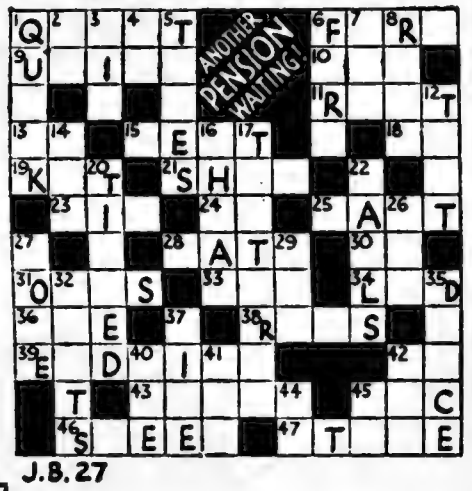
If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, August 13, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 27. Closing FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1936.



J.B. 27



J.B. 27

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

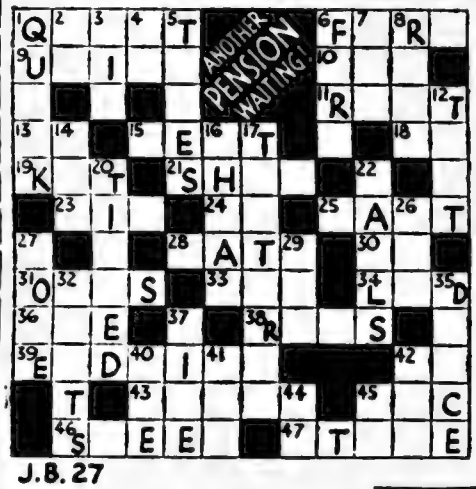
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 27. Closing FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1936.



J.B. 27

J.B. 27

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY:

CROSSWORD NO. 27, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

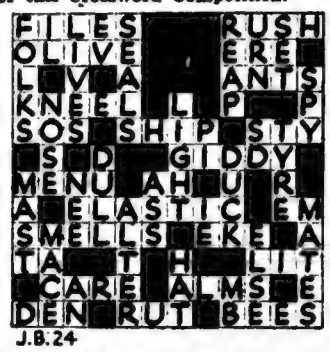
Name .....

Address.....

.....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE



J.B. 24

X-WORD No. 24.

WINNERS ON PAGE 37.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 24 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the coupon given below.

12 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 24

SEE PAGE 37

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, July 31.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Aug. 13. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 18, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

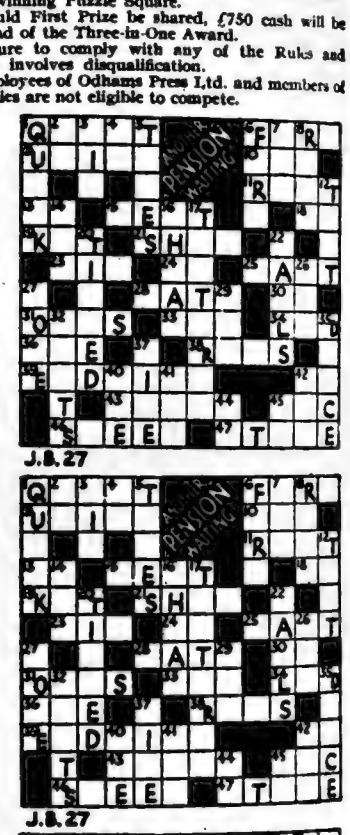
5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



J.B. 27

STUDY THESE CLUES.

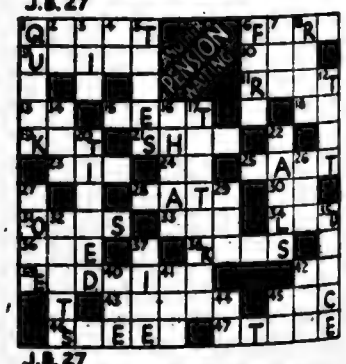
ACROSS

1. Put two pints here
6. We have to wade through one occasionally
9. This agreement is strength
10. Anger in Ireland
11. What you pay to landlord
13. Centre part of record
15. Many get elected on account of this in politics
18. Half dead in Underground
19. Soldier's equipment
21. Poor one often misses fire
23. Mother shouldn't accept this from Sonny
24. Common to loafer and worker
25. It's easier to score with one having good point
28. They're usually carefully brushed in the hall
30. Bit of radium found in genius
31. Grain fed to horses
33. Owing
34. Animal is, with a halter
36. Prosecute
38. Cause of many deaths in warfare
39. End to end
42. First and last of eleven
43. Rub out
45. Part of circle
46. Often causes trouble at sea
47. Fixed gaze

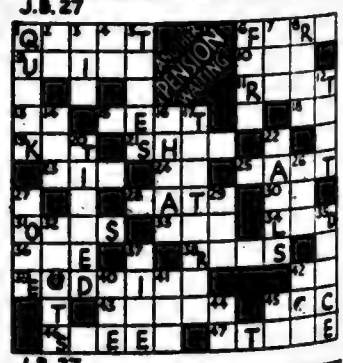
DOWN

1. Man who lives by his wits is this
2. Head and tail of unicorn
3. Statesman usually has one of importance
4. Ends spurt in shorts
5. Are apt to bring even the best cars to grief on the roads
6. Coal one is not needed so much in summer
7. Crude mineral
8. Tear violently
12. If you know the ropes this won't bother you
14. Used in salads and engines
16. Race-horse leading field is this
17. Inflicts agony
20. Picture is usually this, to get best effect
22. Red ones look attractive as she passes
26. Regret
27. To do this frequently reduces player's following
29. Go here for your Crossword Holiday
32. Parents' sisters
35. Village one is slower than city one
37. Is constantly bringing pictures before our eyes
40. Tiny
41. How Saturday begins
42. Make a mistake here
44. Bit of rust in desert
45. Both ends of Arabia

J.B. 27



J.B. 27



J.B. 27

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

AVIATOR (Croydon).—"Stunt fliers are a little bit mad." Loopy.

G. T. (Ripon).—"I feel as fit as a fiddle." All strung up, in fact.

W. O. (Leicester).—"To get his revenge his overseer sacked him with a fortnight's wages." He paid him out.

S. R. (Tooting).—"When the bailiffs get in, I shall sleep in the coal-house." Things look black for you.

AMBITIOUS (Slough).—"Although I am so lowly I aspire to the heights." You should become an aviator.

PEDLAR (Somerset).—"I believe that I am the only man who earns his living by selling rope from door to door." Quite a line of your own.

F. D. (Birmingham).—"Our debating society is to hold its meetings in the open air this summer." Its members will discuss everything under the sun?

M. N. (Bandon Hill).—"I've given up cricket since I missed a catch in a very important game last year." You dropped it so you've dropped it.

MOTORIST (Windsor).—"Pedestrians ask for what they get when they cross carelessly in groups." They get spread over the road.

TRAINED (Blackfriars).—"There is no sense in a boxer talking to his opponent during a fight." But it is unwise for him to keep his tongue between his teeth.

N. C. (Goole).—"While the storm was at its height my husband paced up and down the stairs in his vest and pants." His thunderwear?

G. T. Y. (Leeds).—"In my opinion, a street-lamp which projects from a wall hasn't the same appearance as a proper lamp-post." It's not up to standard, eh?

COMEDIAN (West End).—"In my early days I took a 16-stone mesmerist out tandem-riding every Sunday." You had a lot of influence behind you.

G. M. (Chester).—"Do you think I will make a hit on the stage?" If you don't someone in the audience probably will.

I. A. (Cardiff).—"I wouldn't drink the cocktails I see some people order." They would probably protest very strongly if you made the attempt.

K. T. (Luton).—"In my opinion, a man who works hard all day should be allowed to retain the whole of his income." Not half!

N. G. (Elstree).—"My wallet was stolen as I entered the hall to address the meeting." So you had to speak without your notes?

MOUNTAINEER (Cumberland). — "And when I reached the summit I think I was entitled to puff with pride." You were entitled to puff, anyway.

H. H. D. (Streatham).—"There are many different kinds of fire-extinguishers —some better than others." The most efficient we know of is the coal a man sold us last winter.

T. R. (Slough).—"I can stand for most things, but I will not stand for horse racing." Then we are afraid that unless you have got a good position you will not see much!

SCIENTIST (Kew).—"Every schoolboy knows that the world being round, one can go north by travelling south." And one can go west by not looking both ways before crossing the road.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"Something terrible has happened, Mr. Wilmot. I played poker with Count Spumoni and lost the ship!"

From "The Passing Show"

NATURALIST (Epping).—"The owl is a most phlegmatic bird." It does not give two hoots for anybody?

MISS G. F. (Highgate).—"Our friendship ended in an aeroplane." You fell out?

P. Y. (Colchester).—"Do you know a more imposing animal than the lion?" Well, the hedgehog outpoints him.

M. B. (Diss).—"I think an orchestra ought to play during the tennis matches at Wimbledon." Set to music, as it were?

NATURALIST (Chorley).—"Where is the best place to catch a wasp with a jam-jar?" Right in the back of its neck.

F. S. (Barking).—"Our bandmaster is a crotchety old soul." With a quaver in his voice?

SPECULATOR (City).—"I am willing to put my money into any business with a chance of expansion." Try manufacturing toy balloons.

BANK-CLERK (London).—"High upon our office roof some of us practise our physical jerks." This is a new kind of run upon the bank.

HAIRDRESSER (Fulham).—"I think his lecture on the various causes of loss of hair was far too terse." In other words, too bald?

S. D. (Dudley).—"I would trust him with anything. He is a gilt-edged security as far as I am concerned." Evidently a sterling character.

PATER (Minehead).—"When we went on holiday my son spent all his time in the miniature shooting range." This is known as seeing the sights.

SKIPPER (Mitcham).—"When the opposing captain came to toss for choice of innings we found that neither of us had a coin of any kind." You were both stumped.

C. R. (Hampshire).—"I find the fruit trees' enemies do most damage about mid-day." You mean between school hours?

CURIOUS (Newcastle).—"What is a put-up job?" Hunting for holiday digs.

FREDDY (Bromley).—"What should I get a greenhouse for?" Relaxing in.

GARDENER (Ripon).—"My shears were blunt and the lawn wanted cutting badly." And it was?

CYCLIST (Sutton). — "I was thoroughly enjoying my tour until I ran over a dog." And that put you off?

G. N. (Salop).—"I couldn't bear leaving the hills of my native county." The sheer drops of dear Shrops.

VALET (Chelsea).—"I do dislike to see food spots on the fronts of men's clothes." You think they look grubby.

T. D. (St. Albans).—"When I took my kiddies to the Zoo, there was one cage I couldn't get them away from." The young monkeys!

H. W. (Canterbury).—"Indirectly I told him that I thought over-eating was the cause of his stoutness." You hinted broadly.

D. E. (Belmont).—"A cricket team has been formed by a number of photographers." They ought not to miss many sitters.

B. R. (Glasgow).—"Whenever I have a stiff fight ahead of me, my trainer keeps me largely on a diet of porridge." Anticipating a gruelling bout, of course.

MUSICIAN (Wembley).—"In a successful string orchestra you need some really divine players." And several base players, of course.

HOLIDAY-MAKER (Frinton).—"My wife appeared as I was putting sunburn-lotion on the shoulders of a pretty bathing-girl." And did she rub it in?

MRS. W. (Dunfermline).—"When I start making jam, my husband has always to come and help tell when it is ready." He likes to have a finger in it, eh?

C. M. (Ilford).—"Savages would be surprised if they saw hikers walking smartly along the main road." So should we.

T. J. M. (Oban).—"Picture for me the girl who can truthfully boast that she holds a leading light of the film world in the hollow of her hand!" Well, what price a cinema usher with her torch?

E. J. B. (Balham).—"What wouldn't I give for a week's holiday with pay!" If you'd give half an hour of your time, turn to page 39. We're shortly giving five readers 7-day Luxury Tours *and* paying them big cheques as well.

JAMES (Durham).—"Grey eyes signify constancy; brown eyes spell adoration; black and blue eyes mean trouble." And trouble as often as not means black and blue eyes.

BEN (Birmingham).—"I used to be able to hold a fourteen pound sledge hammer at arm's length for two minutes, but owing to lack of practice I failed to do so last week." You couldn't keep it up.

G. L. U. (Shropshire).—"After twenty years I am going back to my boyhood haunts and fish with the same tackle as I used then. I don't want anything changed." But you won't be able to catch the same fish.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

ACCRINGTON OBSERVER AND TIMES:—"It is the bride's pleasant task to cut the first wedge from it while the guests gather round, and, with UNLIFTED glasses, drink the health of the happy couple."

CROYDON TIMES AND SURREY COUNTY MAIL:—"Office-boy required. . . . Apply in OUR handwriting. . . "

GRIMSBY EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"The Flying Census—Aeroplanes to COURT the People of the Prairies."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"Arthur is one of three boys chosen from Scotland. The others are from LESMAHAGOW."

SOUTH WALES DAILY POST:—"The Llanelly police are anxious to TRADE any relatives of ——— . . ."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ECHO:—"He rode in a great gold state coach surmounted with a golden CROWD and drawn by two horses . . . ."

corns

Gone the next

This man was crippled with corns. They were so painful that he says he felt like a man of 75 instead of 25! But he got rid of his corns in *one week*. And his remedy was Radox. Read his letter:—

'I wish to convey to you my heartfelt thanks for your wonderful Radox. I had five corns of long standing—real beauties. They were very painful. Instead of feeling like 25—I felt more like 75, I was so crippled with them. Last week I bought a packet of Radox, and every night I filled a basin three-quarters full of warm water and added two or three teaspoonfuls of Radox. I let my feet soak until the water was nearly cold, and I found the skin was then quite soft, so I peeled it off every night until the sixth night I had nothing to peel as the corns were no longer there. I was staggered when I saw the result. Here one week and gone the next. I wish I had tried Radox years ago.'

P. R., Greenock.

USE RADOX, THE SAFE CORN REMOVER

Radox removes corns, roots and all, in a safe, scientific way. As soon as Radox is put into a footbath, oxygen is released, which carries the softening salts of Radox right to the roots of the corns. The corns are soon loosened, and then you pick them out complete with roots—pain and discomfort vanish for good. You see how simple and safe Radox is. Don't use knives, they may set up blood poisoning. Don't use acids, they may burn the skin. Just a few soothing fragrant Radox footbaths and the corns are out.

1/6

Ten Ounce Pink Packet

Ask for Radox at your Chemist's, 1/6 per 10-oz. Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7½d.

£900 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 24.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 24, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 36) were those submitted by the following twelve competitors, who share the £750 offered as First Prize:—

S. Crump, 16, Morehall Av., Folkestone.
W. Dudley, 24, Islwyn St., Abercarn, Mon.
C. Exley, 20, Commercial Rd., Swindon, Wilts.
Mrs. L. Granger, Common Farm, Watnall, Notts.
A. McCormick, 14, George St., Whitehaven, Cumb.
W. Macdonald, Bishopry Cott., Torphichen, Bathgate, W. Lothian.
H. McPartlin, 6, Smith St., Chorley, Lancs.
Mrs. C. Mansfield, Honington, Shipston-on-Stour.
J. Parker, 65, St. Paul St., Bury.
Miss N. Sims, Rose Cott., North Common, Warmley, Nr. Bristol.
T. Whitaker, Padleigh Hill, Bath.
C. F. B. Whitham, 111, Shaw Lane, Barnsley.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £62 10s. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, July 28, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 204 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 14s. 9d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. A Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to every Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A Surprise Award for each of 1,542 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, will be posted on July 22.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 22:—One hundred and ninety-eight competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of 10s. 2d. have been despatched.

SHAVE TIME

Why start the day with a rush when by shaving with "Morning Pride" you eliminate soaping, brushing, lathering and rubbing. "Morning Pride" gives you the quickest and cleanest shave you have ever had.

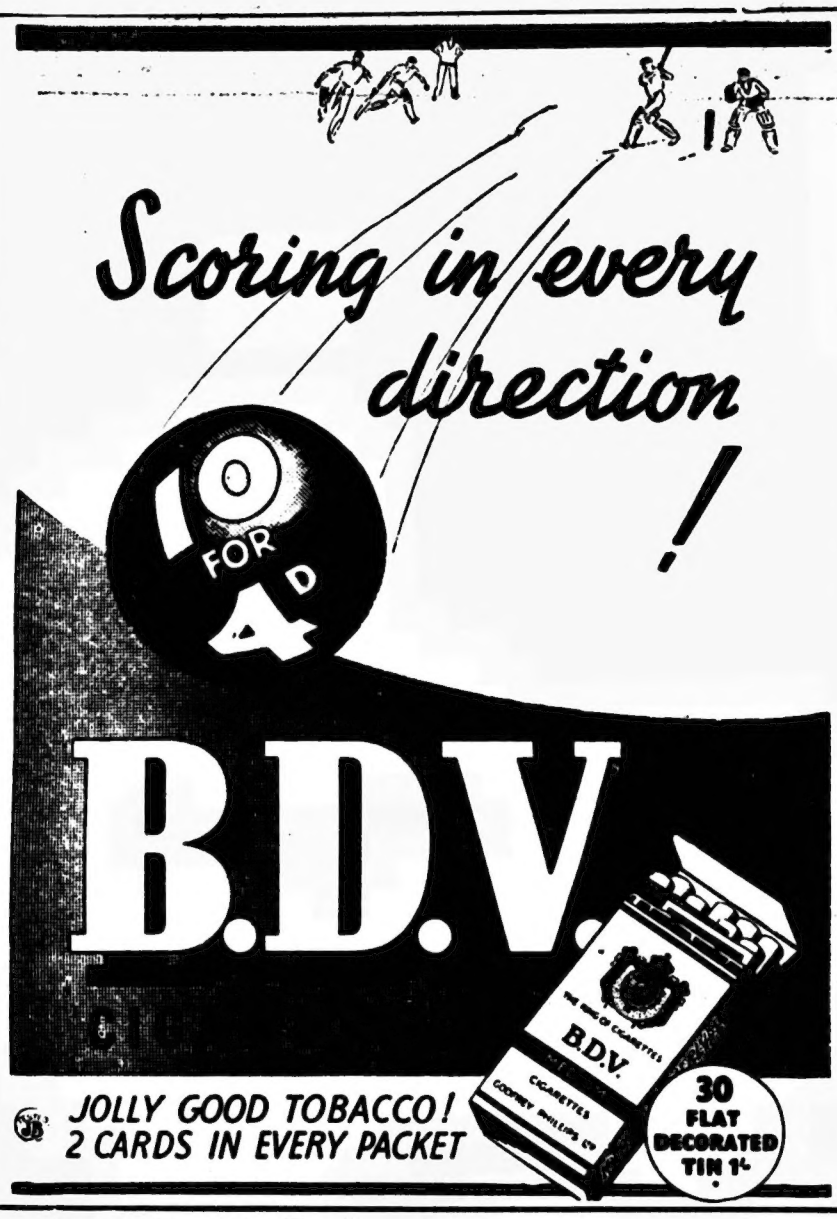
MORNING PRIDE

THE RAZOR [illegible] SHAVING CREAM

TUBES 1/- JARS 1/6

FREE SAMPLE TUBE

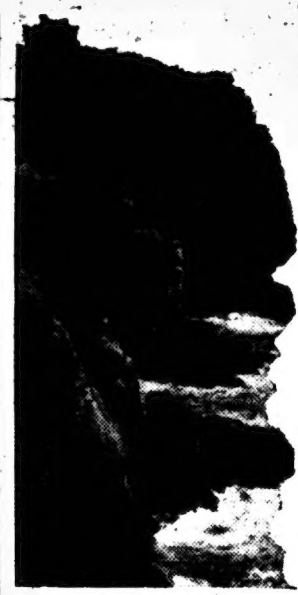
Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send them with a 1½d. stamp (for postage and packing) to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

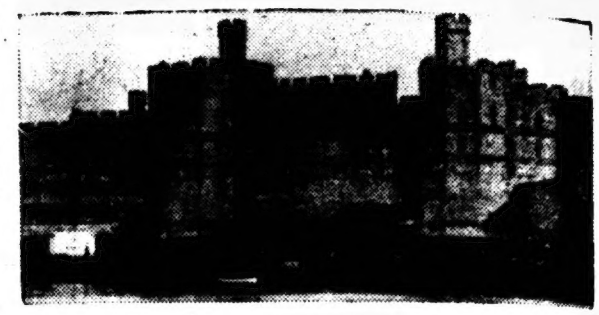


BRITAIN'S BEAUTY

awaits "Bullets" Tourists

See wild Land's End . . . majestic Caernarvon . .





Capture one of the five splendid Cash-plus-Travel prizes heading this week's sensational "Bullets" Holiday list and you will be able to take your choice of three carefully planned tours. Before setting out to explore the Examples, spend a few minutes considering the "high spots" of each Wonder Tour and you may well gain added determination that will lead you to the very top of the prize-list.

* * *

SUPPOSING you select the Land's End, Devon and Cornwall Tour. Over Epsom Downs you go, past the world's most famous racecourse, through the old-world town of Guildford, to the ancient cathedral city of Winchester.

That night you stay in Bournemouth, the popular South Coast holiday centre. Then Westwards next day—to glorious Devon! After enchanting glimpses of Dorchester and Lyme Regis and a visit to historic Exeter, you find your room booked in the Grand Hotel at Torquay.

Buckfast Abbey is amongst the interesting places you visit next day, driving over wild and rugged Dartmoor on your way to Penzance on the Cornish Riviera.

You reach the very end of England on the following day. Then, turning Eastwards from Land's End, your coach bears you through the quaint, narrow streets of St. Ives, and on to stay the night at Launceston.

Then romance in plenty is yours. You first see King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, then the picturesque harbour of Boscastle and tiny Clovelly, with its main street made of steps.

On your way back you drive through Minehead, visit Glastonbury, with its famous ruined Abbey, and see the wonderful caves of Cheddar Gorge. That night you spend in historic Bath, and your journey concludes with a memorable drive past Savernake Forest to London.

* * *

If you choose the wonderful journey to Wales and the Wye Valley, the crowning interest of your first day's drive lies in your visit to Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon. Your way from there lies by Kenilworth Castle and ancient Chester to lovely Bettws-y-Coed, lying in a green hollow beside the river Llugwy. You stay a night at gay Llandudno.

Conway and Caernarvon's castles claim your attention, and then the wild and majestic pass of Llanberis. Aberystwyth next, before striking Eastwards to Ross. From there you travel to historic Monmouth and through the beautiful Wye Valley to the picturesque old town of Chepstow. Your return is via Gloucester—and so to bed in Cheltenham before reaching London once more.

Select the Tour of the English Lakes and you will spend your first night in Grantham. Passing through Sherwood Forest—you reach beautiful Harrogate for your next stay. Then to the noted ruins of Fountains Abbey, amidst the lovely Yorkshire dales, on your way to Ripon. Then your journey through some of the loveliest parts of the Lake District will follow, visiting Windermere, the largest and most peaceful, which may be described as the gateway to the lakes from the South. You will see Coniston, the home of Ruskin and a famous rendezvous for mountaineers—Rydal Water and Grasmere, two gems set in the glorious hills—Thirlmere—Derwentwater—Bassenthwaite and Ullswater . . . beauty enough for several holidays, and the thrills of Blackpool to come!

Difficult which tour to select? Never mind. First select a few of those *Examples* on the opposite page, start winning your Holiday Cheque with Wonder Tour and solve your pleasant problem later!

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

Man Zan

PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witt's Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Racing Hubs quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lauterwasser adjust. Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Brooks Spring Seat Saddle, 'Hold-all' Mat, Reflector and Accessories. Ladies' or Miss's same price £4.19.6 or 6/- monthly. Gentlemen's, Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

Supplied Maroon, red, Blue or Black as desired.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

"My husband's hair was in a terrible state."

His Hair Grew by using KOTALKO

Bedlington.

"My husband's head was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup.

"We had spent pounds in trying to get this condition different.

"We sent for Kotalko and by the photo you will see that we have much to be thankful for."

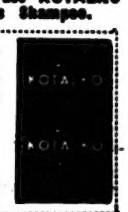
W. JOBSON.

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP. They re-grow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous pore-cloggings, softening the hardened scalp and restoring its healthful colour, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (53.Ed), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.



NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STUDY THESE WINNERS —THEN WIN YOURSELF!

THE successful efforts in our 1,035th Contest are not due to appear until next week. Meanwhile, we recall for your assistance a series of winning *Bullets*, each of which brought its sender a splendid First Prize.

Study carefully the varying styles of these sparkling winners, noting how closely each effort is linked with its *Example* and how clearly its meaning is expressed in neat and original phrasing. Then turn to this week's *Examples* with confidence and settle down to make a First Prize *Bullet* of your own.

LOOK ABOUT YOU AND
SEE "UNSEEN" IN SCENE!

QUIET COVE
ENGLISHMAN—BUT TRY SILENCING!

GUARDED
"FLAME," MAKE MINER'S *Lile*!

LITTLE SUNBEAM
"ENLIGHTENS" ALL "ABOUT YOU."

IN THE SUNSHINE
"BRONZED CHILDREN," FINEST "MEMORIAL."

"TRUST ME!"
BALDWIN'S *Other* FAMOUS "PIPE."

SPEEDING
YOU DON'T "SEE NATURE."

GIANT DESPAIR
CAN'T REACH "UPLIFTED" CHIN.

GREEN LEAVES
INCREASE "SHADOW OVER ROADS."

IN A STRANGE LAND
BABY—SEE MOTHER ISN'T!

VOICE OF SPRING
"HYMN" REPROACHING INTERNATIONAL "HATE."

WHEN THE BATTLE'S OVER
SLUMS, NATION'S *With* "AGGRESSOR."

TAKE THIS FREE HELPING HAND

"ONE of those so-called inspirations" is the description given to the *Bullet* which won her £90 in Contest No. 1,029 by Mrs. K. Venn, 27a, Redcliffe Gardens, London, S.W. Here was the striking effort. To HELP OTHERS?—IMPOSSIBLE? GOD HELP US!

"Such inspirations, however, only leap from well-prepared soil," this big winner continued. "My preparation has been close study of the winning lists and also *Bullets Bulletin*. This wonderful little paper I consider of incalculable value and help to all who take their *Bullets* seriously.

"It is so chock-full of practical help and pointed advice, of urging 'Do's' and arresting 'Don't's,'" she concluded, "that it is like the hand of the Competition Editor on the arm of a competitor, leading him to good fortune's very door!"

Published solely to help would-be winners, a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin* can be yours at the mere cost of its ½d. weekly postage. Fill up the easy Reservation Coupon on the opposite page and enclose it with your entry for this week's splendid Offer of Holiday Prizes and so take the step which has led scores of entrants to a huge success.

50 FINE HOLIDAY PRIZES *bought by Bullets* NEW CASH-PLUS-TRAVEL AWARDS!

CHOOSE YOUR 7-DAY TOUR
OF OVER 750 MILES THROUGH ENGLAND'S BEAUTY SPOTS
1
2
3
£500
CASH plus GRAND 7-DAY HOLIDAY TOUR for TWO
£50 Plus HOLIDAY TOUR for Two
£40 Plus HOLIDAY TOUR for Two
£30 Plus HOLIDAY TOUR for Two
£20 Plus HOLIDAY TOUR for Two
SEE BRITAIN IN LUXURY

45 OTHER HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£18	£16	£14	£12	£10	£9
£8	£7	£6	£5	£4	£3

6 of £2.10 | 12 of £2 | 15 of £1.10 | [illegible]

OVER £1,250 CASH offered to World Cruise entrants. All users of £10 Holiday Bonus Coupon in Competition No. 1,035 are reminded that with any prize from £2.10s. upwards this week "John Bull" will present them with an additional £10 Holiday Cheque.

GREAT NEW DOUBLE HOLIDAY AWARDS OFFERED ONE WEEK ONLY!

CAPTURE one of the five splendid Cash-plus-Travel prizes heading this week's great new *Bullets* Holiday Offer and, after banking a substantial JOHN BULL cheque, you will be privileged to set out on a glorious Motor Coach Tour for Two.

Devon and Cornwall—Wales and the Wye Valley—English Lakes and Yorkshire Moors—your choice of three 750-mile tours of these famous holiday districts will be yours as one of this week's five chief winners. The comfort of yourself and your chosen companion will be in the competent hands of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd., so that as *Bullets* holiday-makers you can revel in exploring your pick of Britain's countryside in untroubled luxury. Read about the chief points of interest in these thrilling Tours on the opposite page and then make up your mind that one of the coupons on this page will send you on one of these Luxury Tours, with your pockets full of *Bullets* cash.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* and write down any which strike you as most likely to prove the basis of prize-worthy comments. Then concentrate on jotting down all the ideas each selected *Example* suggests to your mind.

Now a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to prune and polish your first rough notes into sparkling *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, you had noted the *Example*, WHEN SHE ARGUES and against it had scribbled the rough note, *No Good Arguing Back*. From that simple beginning you could easily produce the neat *Bullet*, WHEN SHE ARGUES—POINT—POINTING OUT POINTLESS.

Before starting to make your own BULLETS, notice the neat phrasing of the First Prize efforts reproduced for your assistance on the opposite page. Then turn to your fascinating word-juggling without delay, remembering that your entry *must* reach JOHN BULL by Saturday, August 1.

ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

STORM OVER EUROPE
MISCHIEF AFOOT
WAR AFTER WAR
MOTHER'S BEST
THIS CRAZY WORLD
ON FAME'S PINNACLE
LOAD OF RESPONSIBILITY
WHITEHALL
HANGING ON
WHERE THERE'S A WILL
HE'S AN EXPERT, SO
FOOLING US
WITH A SICKLY GRIN
PAWNS
VOICE ON THE TELEPHONE
BREAKING THROUGH
WHY BE GLOOMY, WHEN
WANTED ON THE VOYAGE
WHEN SHE ARGUES
TAKES IN EVERYBODY
CHATTERING
RESOUNDING SMACK
PULLED UP
HER CHOICE
FATHER'S WINDFALL
FORGETTING THE TIME
SOFT SPOT
COMFORTABLE SEAT
FEELING THE WRENCH
NO LOVE
WRECKED EVERYTHING
UNSHAKEN
ARMY MAN
IN THE HOUSE
IF I WERE YOUNG
OFF THE ROAD

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,034 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. E. Brackley and Son, Broad Street, Chesham.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,033 usually purchase "John Bull."

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS—USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

1038

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,038) Closing SAT., Aug. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,038) Closing SAT., Aug. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,038) Closing SAT., Aug. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,038) Closing SAT., Aug. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,038) Closing SAT., Aug. 1. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

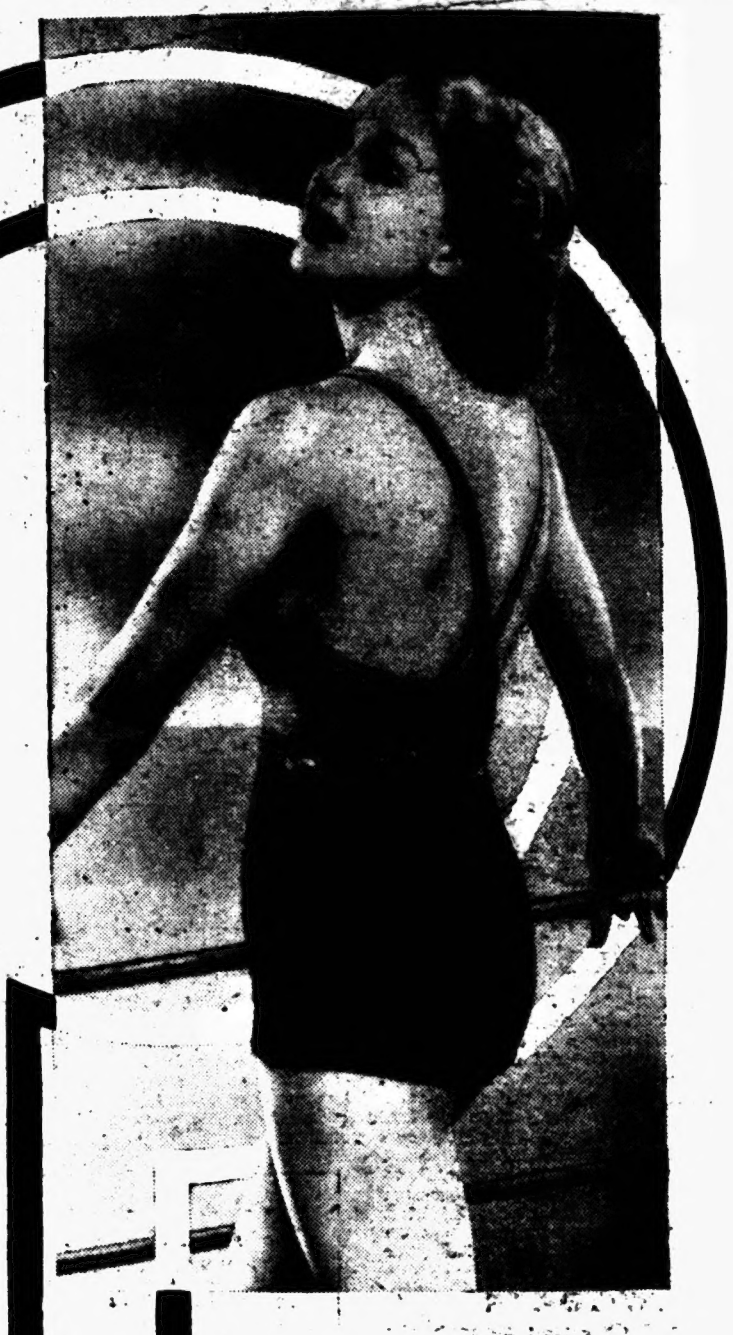
1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,038, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

How can you keep SLIM and Fit



YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life, if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans each night at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the digestion, purify the blood and daily remove all fat-forming residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, remember to take your Bile Beans nightly, if you want to look and feel your best at all times.

LOOK YOUR AUGUST HOLIDAYS

A complete change of air and diet is always liable to upset one internally. A nightly dose of Bile Beans guards against all this.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and can be taken regularly with perfect safety by young and old alike.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY & SLIM

218 B 29

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free, Inland and Canada, 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world 15s. 2d. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 75, Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and 246, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dawson, 13, Rue Albouy, Paris.

A 190